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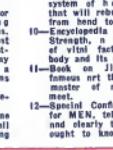
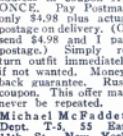
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Startling Detective Adventures

Vol. VIII

Contents for May, 1932

No. 46

Amazing Detective Adventures From Life

TRAPPING CHICAGO'S BLOND TIGRESS	Robert Faherty	6
Plundering with impunity, a gungirl and her mob swept Chicago until sleuths staged a blazing showdown.		
THE INSIDE STORY OF HAWAII'S HONOR SLAYING	E. Hays Barr	8
Revealing for the first time the intimate lowdown on Honolulu's vice reign and its tragic aftermath.		
THE SECRET OF THE CELLAR TOMB	Detective J. J. Kron and Theodore D. Irwin	14
At last! The real story behind New York's greatest death mystery by the man who cracked the case.		
I FREED A LIFE CONVICT	Captain H. L. Barlow and Chester L. Saxby	18
The amazing story of a manhunter who reversed the law and scored a brilliant scientific victory.		
THE CLUE OF THE BRONZE SLIPPER	Harry L. Cusack and Hollis B. Fultz	20
How a dainty dancing pump disclosed a scene of horror and solved a triple death riddle.		
LOWDOWN ON THE FAMOUS CUDAHY KIDNAPING MYSTERY	T. R. Porter	26
Recounting the most unbelievable detective story ever told—the amazing account of America's only perfect crime.		
IOWA'S RIDDLE OF THE HUMAN TORCH	Merlin Moore Taylor	28
Blood-red beacons marked a weird death pyre, starting point of the midwest's strangest crime.		
THE ENIGMA OF THE HEADLESS BEAUTY	Detective Cal Crim and Lee Enfield	35
How a clever sleuth traced a pair of shoes and solved the nation's most gruesome murder case.		
THE SKELETON HARVEST OF MAPLE HILL FARM	Leon N. Hatfield	38
The gripping history of an ominous reaper whose sickle cut a deadly swath through a peaceful country town.		
STALKING ONTARIO'S LONE WOLF KILLER	John Northman	42
The amazing story of one of the greatest manhunts of the north woods.		

Highlights From the Crime World

Criminals Are Saps—A Smashing Editorial	7
Detective Tabloid—Enthralling Camera Slants on Crime	31
The Chief's Chair—Notes from the Headquarters Blotter	46
Cover by L. Fried	

The Clue of the Love Letters and the **GIGOLO GUNMAN**

Lethal slugs ripped through the narrow confines of a murky hallway and New York police found themselves facing a baffling death mystery to which there was no clue. Here is the lowdown on a strange tale of passion and its crimson aftermath.

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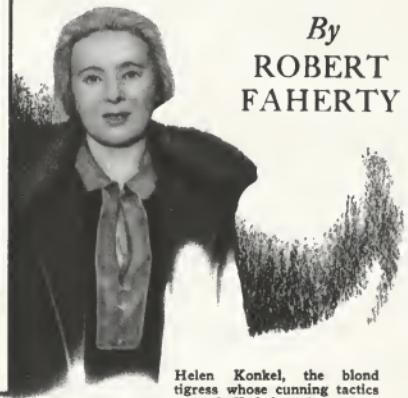


Brought to bay in their North Side hideout, the tigress and her underworld jackals staged a furious battle with police. Above, Lieutenant John L. Sullivan prepares to smoke the embattled gungirl from her cellar den with a tear gas bomb as Sergeant J. J. Hannah braces himself for new hostilities.

Dodging traps with feline cunning, a gangland tigress led her mob on a series of savage bandit forays.

Officials were baffled until they found a clue leading to her lair; and the gungirl's doom was sealed.

By
ROBERT FAHERTY



Helen Konkel, the blonde tigress whose cunning tactics baffled detectives.

"THE TIGRESS" had terrorized the Northwest Side of Chicago.

A furrier on North Rockwell street had been talking about her with a customer that morning. Hours later, he was affixing a price tag to a seal coat, when the door of his shop opened.

An attractive, blond girl faced him. Little wisps of light, reddish hair peeped from under her turban. She smiled at the shopkeeper.

"What can I do for you, Miss?" he said politely.

Her smile vanished as she stepped to the counter. Her lips were a hard line. Her eyes were metallic blue. "You can stick 'em up quick!" she snapped. She leveled an automatic pistol with her right hand.

"Against the wall and keep the mouth shut!" she continued, prodding him with the gun as she leaned over the counter. The door opened and two young men entered, each holding a pistol.

"Okay, Helen?" the first asked.

The pair leaped over the counter and opened a vault. As

the shopkeeper yelled in protest the girl jabbed him with her automatic.

"No squawk or I'll let you have it!"

The men carried out a dozen valuable squirrel and seal coats, and the girl left with a final flourish of the pistol.

Gone—and not a trace. Police said the Tigress had struck again.

For weeks they heard more reports of a "hard-talking" girl who swaggered into speakeasies and cafes of the Northwest Side with three or four men. But no one would put a finger on her.

Then one day a jeweler looked up from his trays in his store on Milwaukee avenue and saw the muzzle of an automatic. Terrified, he looked farther and saw a girl in a light coat, with reddish-blond hair, holding the pistol. Under her left arm was a small purse.

"Up with the dukes," she snarled. "What ya looking at?"

The jeweler's hands shot ceilingward. The door opened and three men entered.

[Continued on page 50]

Criminals are SAPS

Active for over twenty years on both sides of the council table—for both state and defense—this writer, one of the leading criminal lawyers in the South, strips crooks of their false glamor and exposes, in trenchant style, the futility of crime.

By ROBERT R. REYNOLDS

Former District Solicitor of North Carolina

THE racketeer says "only saps work" and the sucker believes him. The sucker looks at the sleek, polished gunman in his finely tailored evening clothes and is deceived. The forced gayety of the racketeer is convincing. His nonchalant generosity is captivating. The sucker sees the gunman treated with deference by those who fear him and mistakes this for genuine respect. He hears soft voiced orders and sees them instantly obeyed and thinks this is power.

The poor blind fool does not know that the forced gayety hides a craven soul. He does not realize that generosity is the racketeer's way of feeding the human vultures to keep them from feeding on him. His eyes are blind to the mocking hate behind the smirking obeisance that the Big Shot gets from those under his thumb. He does not know that the soft voiced orders will be obeyed only so long as they are backed by the menacing muzzle of an automatic.

Living And Dying By The "Rod"

IN ALL the years that I have practiced criminal law, I have never seen a really successful criminal. True there are times when it appears that the individual criminal is on top, but those who follow the careers of these men who live by the rod know that their place in the sun is fleeting. They roll in luxury one day and roll in the gutter the next.

Criminals are like killer wolves. Let one falter for an instant and the others turn on him with bared fangs; let him run ahead of the pack and a dozen are ready to tear him to pieces.

Power that depends on the squeeze of a trigger finger has a way of vanishing overnight. The law may be slow and long suffering, but sooner or later the man who lives by the gun will find his back to the wall. If he escapes the law the jackals of his own sinister profession drag him down. He ends either in the hot seat, with a bandage over his eyes, or in the gutter with a leaden slug in his guts.

The youth who thinks the so-called successful racketeer is a hero is destined to bitter disillusionment. The girl who thrills at the daring exploits of a gun moll is look-

ing at a figure that does not really exist. The real gang woman is not the dashing, fashionable figure that she has been pictured. She is just a silly woman, greedy for money, and ready to sell her soul and her body to get it.

The End Of Otto Wood

PERHAPS the most elusive criminal that the South has produced in the past two decades was Otto Wood. From the time he was thirteen years old, he was in trouble. He was sentenced to long prison terms in five different states and the official records at those institutions show that he staged ten daring escapes. He became known as the man no prison could hold. The only time that he was kept successfully was a short period when he lived in a narrow steel-studded cell on Death Row, that grim corridor of last journeys in the North Carolina state prison. There, with the dragging feet of men condemned to death echoing in his ears, he lived for twenty-six months.

Later, after he had been given more freedom by a governor who took pity on a man who was slowly dying, Otto Wood staged a daring escape and won his freedom. Seven months later he was caught by police in Salisbury, N. C., and died in a gun battle staged on one of the principal business streets of the town. It was the last scarlet chapter to a remarkable career of crime. Otto Wood, the man no jail could hold, died in a pool of blood in the gutter where he had fallen when a bullet from Chief R. L. Rafkin's gun tore off the side of his head. *Otto Wood was the sap.*

The daily newspapers are a constant reminder of the futility of a life of crime. They tell the story of the so-called successful criminal who was put on the spot by his pals of the underworld or betrayed by his "moll."

The police records of the country are full of stories of these master criminals and their tragic end. Not one of them succeeded in writing the conventional happy ending to his life story. And yet, the slick-haired boys still emulate the thin-lipped, slit-eyed gangsters and the thrill-hungry girls still tread the paths that lead to shame and prison. *They are the saps.*



Robert R. Reynolds.

The Inside Story HONOR

Terror swept the isles of Paradise as Mrs. Thomas H. Massie, beautiful social leader, told a harrowing tale of brutal attack perpetrated by native men.

Honolulu women went armed upon the streets. Still the attacks continued. Was no white woman safe?

Then like a thunderbolt, death laid one of the Massie attackers low. Honor had been avenged.

Here is the intimate lowdown on this tremendous case—a searching expose of Hawaii's vice reign.



HONOR SLAYING VICTIM

One of five indicted for the Massie attack, Joseph Kahahawai was lured to death by a fake court order.

HELL has broken loose in Paradise. The plaintive strains of the ukulele have been drowned by a tragic overture—the sinister growl of race warfare.

Once more the lengthening shadow of the white man has fallen, like a deadly blight, across the smiling expanse of the southern seas.

Against the languorous background of Honolulu's tranquil loveliness has been laid a many-sided drama of unbridled hatreds, native lusts, impotent justice and swift, revengeful death.

We in Hawaii know out of what blackly bitter soil this latest crime has grown.

Once the Hawaiians were an untouched people, childlike dwellers in Lotus-land, dreaming the days away under the soft, blue skies as the creamy surf beat musically against the coral sands. Then white man's ships clouded the horizon. Pineapple growers and sugar planters invaded Eden. Coolie labor swarmed in their wake. Interbreeding followed—the beginning of the end.

Today, the simple, pure-strain Hawaiian has virtually disappeared*, swallowed up by the evil influx of polyglot scum

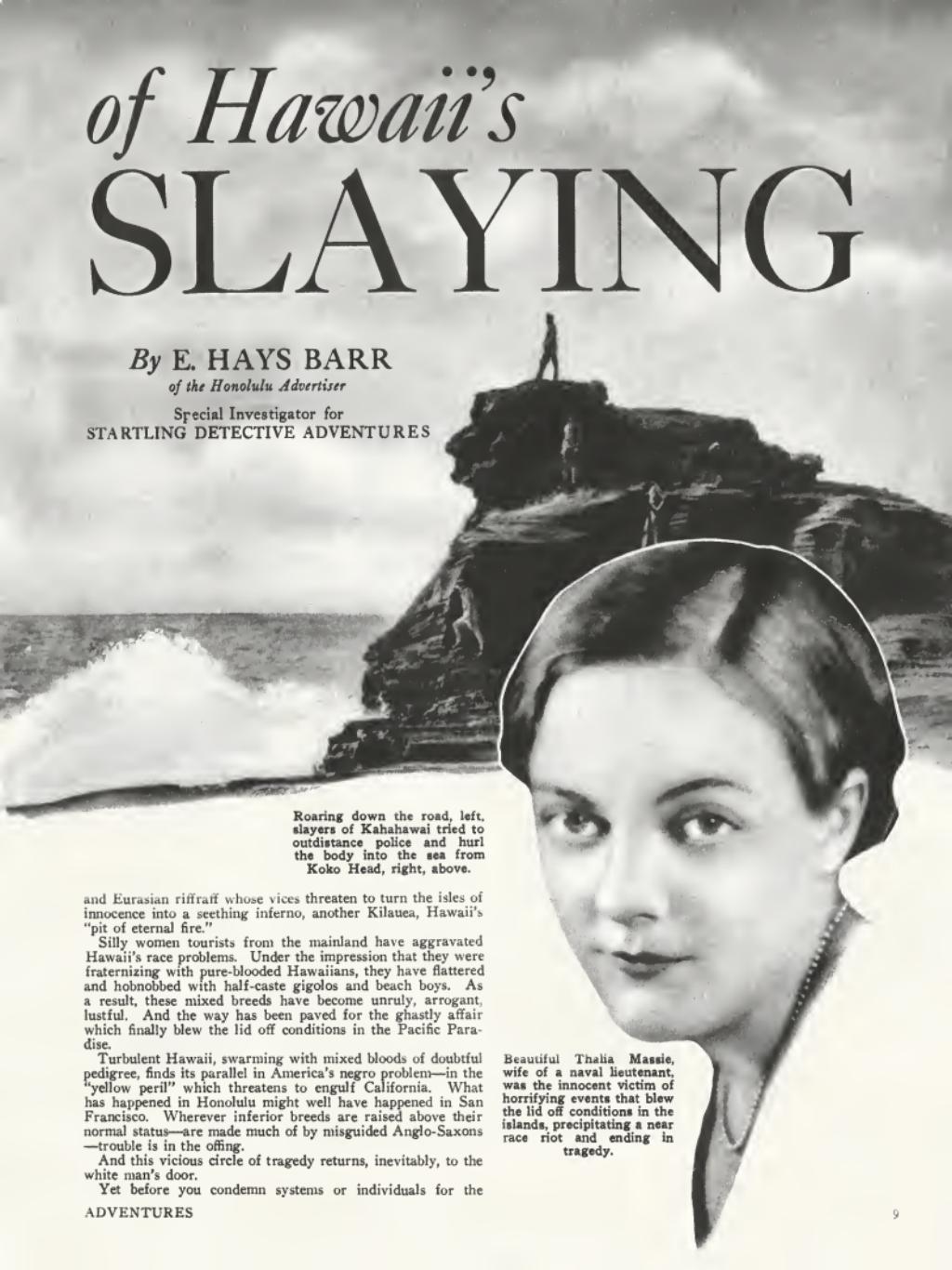
*In 1930 the total population of the Islands was 368,336. Of this number only 22,636 were native Hawaiians.

of Hawaii's SLAYING

By E. HAYS BARR

of the Honolulu Advertiser

Special Investigator for
STARTLING DETECTIVE ADVENTURES



Roaring down the road, left,
slayers of Kahahawai tried to
outdistance police and hurl
the body into the sea from
Koko Head, right, above.

and Eurasian riffraff whose vices threaten to turn the isles of innocence into a seething inferno, another Kilaeua, Hawaii's "pit of eternal fire."

"Silly women tourists from the mainland have aggravated Hawaii's race problems. Under the impression that they were fraternizing with pure-blooded Hawaiians, they have flattered and hobnobbed with half-caste gigolos and beach boys. As a result, these mixed breeds have become unruly, arrogant, lustful. And the way has been paved for the ghastly affair which finally blew the lid off conditions in the Pacific Paradise.

Turbulent Hawaii, swarming with mixed breeds of doubtful pedigree, finds its parallel in America's negro problem—in the "yellow peril" which threatens to engulf California. What has happened in Honolulu might well have happened in San Francisco. Wherever inferior breeds are raised above their normal status—are made much of by misguided Anglo-Saxons—trouble is in the offing.

And this vicious circle of tragedy returns, inevitably, to the white man's door.

Yet before you condemn systems or individuals for the

ADVENTURES

Beautiful Thalia Massie, wife of a naval lieutenant, was the innocent victim of horrifying events that blew the lid off conditions in the islands, precipitating a near race riot and ending in tragedy.



Mother of Mrs. Massie and prominent in society circles, Mrs. Granville Fortescue was questioned by officials in the Kahahawai slaying.

astounding drama which rocked Honolulu on January 8, 1932, ask yourself this question:

What would you do if your girlish wife—your lovely daughter—had been brutally assaulted, raped and left pregnant by five men of alien blood, beaten with such violence that her jaw was broken and her body maimed by cruel blows?

What would you do if you felt that police had bungled the investigation—if, despite positive identification, a jury had failed to convict—if the criminals, admitted to bail, moved insolently about the city after the mistrial, virtually flaunting their legal victory—*what would you do?*

The answer may be found in the story of Thalia Massie, wife of a submarine officer in the American navy, daughter of a noted American author and great grand niece of Alexander Graham Bell, inventor of the telephone. I'm going to tell you the full story of her tragedy.

A Midnight Stroll

HONOLULU'S Saturday night festivity at the Ala Wai Inn was at its height. Throbbing jazz harmonies flooded the open-air dance floor with savage, pulsing rhythm. Suddenly Mrs. Massie sprang up, slipped away from her handsome, boyish husband and made her way into the cooling night.

Ignoring the Japanese serving girls in their bright kimonos who moved through the gay throng, she strolled toward the banks of the Ala Wai canal. Carefully she avoided the polyglot group, Japanese, Chinese, Filipinos, Hawaiians, Portuguese and half-castes, that gathered about the door.

Thalia Massie wanted to be alone—to fill her nostrils with the salty tang of the ocean, a scant quarter of a mile away. She wanted in her ears the calming tempo of the waves instead of the pagan beat of the Japanese orchestra that hammered raucously in her brain.

She had beauty, this charming wife of one of Uncle Sam's



CLUE OF THE BLOOD SPOTS

Investigating the home of Mrs. Fortescue in the search for clues to the death of Joseph Kahahawai, asserted blood spots were discovered by police in this corridor.

naval officers. She was slim and blond and wore a green dress which she matched with a green kerchief and bag.

There was nothing in the lush Hawaiian night to warn her of impending tragedy.

Serenely drinking in the beauty of that September evening, she crossed the bridge spanning the canal. But the inn's reflected lanterns still made bright splotches in the water and so, still seeking the friendly dark as she had often done before, she moved slowly on down Kalakaua avenue toward the world famous beach at Waikiki.

Coming presently to John Ena road, however, she suddenly decided to stroll toward Fort De Russy. The darkness was still too much peopled to suit her mood. She passed the brightly lighted Japanese noodle wagons, the small grocery stores and a handful of dingy shops.

On the left of the road was a wooden gate which led to a public dance pavilion called Waikiki Park. Here another woman might have been afraid. But Thalia Massie knew no fear. She came of illustrious forbears, of a family of fighters, scientists and pioneers.

Besides she knew that behind her was the majesty of the American navy and of other American men whose proud boast it is that their wives and sweethearts walk safely in any port in the world.

Then, too, she understood Hawaii. She knew the tradition of the isles. She knew that the great King Kamehameha whose gilt and bronze statue stands regally in front of the Honolulu courthouse, had laid down for his people the law of *mamalahoa kanowui*—"Let the women and children and old men sleep beside the highway."

Abducted By Fiends

JUST as she reached the turn of John Ena road where it is joined by the Ala Moana she heard an automobile stop behind her. She paid no attention to the sound. Suddenly strong arms seized her. A hand was clapped over her mouth and she was forced toward the car.

It was a small car, a Ford or a Chevrolet, she thought. She was dragged into the rear seat between two young men. Three others sat in the front seat.

All, she saw, were dark-skinned.



FIND DEATH VICTIM

Overhauling a car speeding toward Koko Head, Honolulu officials found the slain Kahahawai in the rear seat. Removal of the body is shown above.

Struggling with all her puny strength, she fought with her abductors. The men in the front seat turned around and helped to subdue her and to keep her silent.

One man, she saw, wore a leather coat. Another had a gold tooth. They rained blows upon her as the car sped down the Ala Moana toward downtown Honolulu.

Suddenly, however, the car swerved off the road toward the sea. It bumped across the coral fill and through the bushes, until it was out of sight and hearing from the main road.

Terror seized her. She pleaded with her abductors, begged them to let her go. She offered money—any amount of money, she told them, if they would let her go.

Her abductors laughed at her pleas. They dragged her from the car. They threw her upon the rock-like coral. She started to pray but one of the men let go a practiced fist and the blow broke her jaw.

Fainting with pain, the girlish bride was scarcely conscious of the hideous nightmare that followed. Flailing fists continued to beat upon her defenseless body as she struggled subconsciously with the vicious degenerates. Finally the nightmare ended. Finished with their foul work, the fiends hastily jumped into their car and hurried away.

Dazed and trembling, the plucky girl still had sufficient presence of mind to try to catch the license number of the car as its glowing tail-light bounded away from her over the rough ground.

Stumbling, falling, dragging herself along, she made her way through the *kiaole* bushes until she came to the highway, the broad Ala Moana.

Here she drew herself up and stood where the light from passing cars would fall upon her. Twin headlights cut the night. She threw out a pleading hand. And as the car stopped she pleaded fearfully within.

"Are—are you white?" she sobbed and sank to the ground in final collapse as white faces looked out and the figures



Husband of the attack victim, Lieutenant Thomas H. Massie, U. S. N., was a leading figure in the events sweeping the Pacific with the fury of a typhoon.

TERITORIAL POLICE

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SUMMONS TO APPEAR

HONOLULU, Oct.

*Life Is a Mysterious and
Exciting Affair, and Any-
thing Can Be a Thrill If
You Know How to
Look for It and
What to Do With
Opportunity
When It Comes*



Police found the fake warrant, above, in the pocket of A. L. Jones, naval enlisted man.



E. J. Lord, naval fireman, who was held in the honor slaying of Joseph Kahahawai.



With Honolulu transformed into a seething cauldron of emotions, officials, fearing a race riot, ordered the honor slaying defendants transferred to the U. S. S. Alton, receiving ship at the Pearl Harbor naval station.

of white people sprang from the car and bent above her. When again she opened her eyes, her lips were repeating five words. The kindly people who had come upon her listened. "Five—eight—eight—oh—five," they heard her say, "five—eight—eight—oh—five."

When she could speak coherently she told these strangers a part of her story. She told them that the number she had repeated over and over as she came out of merciful unconsciousness was the number of her assailants' car as she remembered it.

The American family who had picked her up suggested that she report to the police but she begged to be taken home. They drove her down the beautiful Manoa valley to her dwelling on Kahawai street. There she fell into the arms of her frantic husband who had believed her to be returning home when she disappeared.

When Lieutenant Thomas H. Massie of the U. S. submarine S-43 had heard the horrible story from his young wife's lips, he reported the case at once to the Honolulu police.

Then he rushed his wife to an emergency hospital from which she was presently removed to Queen's hospital for necessary operations later.

Trailing The Assailants

JOHN McINTOSH, chief of detectives, was soon at the bedside of the injured girl. As well as he could, in spite of her serious hurts, he drew from her the details of her account. He made note of the circumstances of the gold tooth, the leather coat and the seemingly practiced blow upon the chin.

When he set down the number of the automobile as she repeated it for him, a tiny echo waked in the back of his mind. Somewhere he had noted a number like that. Somehow it connected in his mind with a story of five young men in an automobile.

Hurrying back to detective headquarters he checked the desk sergeant's records of that night, September 12, 1931.

And there on the closely written sheet he found what he had been looking for.

It was the number 58895.

Connected with that number on the police blotter was the story of a man and woman who had been driving along the street at 12:45 a. m., an hour after the attack, of which Mrs. Massie told. At a street intersection a small car carrying five men had crashed into their machine.

As the cars came to a stop, one of the five, a dark-skinned youth, sprang out and approached the other car.

"Get that damned *haole* (white man) out of there and we'll give him what he's looking for," he cried.

The woman, sitting nearest, got out of the car and tried to push the youth away. With an oath, he swung a blow to her jaw that knocked her down, but before her escort could climb

STARTLING DETECTIVE



HONOLULU ADMINISTRATION UNDER FIRE

Spurred into action by the gravity of the Hawaiian situation culminating in the Massie-Kahahawai tragedy, a U. S. senate committee proceeded to investigate island justice. Seated, left to right: Ray Lyman Wilbur, secretary of the interior; William D. Mitchell, attorney general; Senator Hiram Bingham, Connecticut, committee chairman; and Senator Jesse H. Metcalf, Rhode Island. Standing, left to right: Commissioner S. Houston, Hawaii; Patrick J. Hurley, secretary of war; and Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg, Michigan.

out of the car after her, the dusky assailant had sprung into his machine and the five had driven away.

The enraged man, bending above his companion, could only take the license number of the disappearing car—58895.

This number he had reported to the police, a number identical within one digit with that which Thalia Massie had read under the bobbing tail light near the Ala Moana. And a "nine" in that dark place to a dazed and fainting girl might easily have been mistaken for a "naught."

Chief McIntosh lost no time in issuing orders that traced the automobile.

It was found to be recorded in the name of a Japanese girl. Questioned by detectives, she revealed that her brother, Horace Ida, had used the car that evening.

Swift investigation of Ida's movements quickly revealed the fact that he had been driving about town that Saturday night with four other youths.

Quickly Ida's companions were run down and arrested. One was Henry Chang, a Chinese-Hawaiian. One was David Takai, a Japanese. The other two were Ben Ahakuelo and Joseph Kahahawai, Hawaiians. And Ben Ahakuelo was the noted Hawaiian athlete and boxer.

The woman who had been knocked down, like Mrs. Massie, declared that one of the midnight assailants had a gold tooth; and such a tooth was seen in the loose-lipped mouth of Joe Kahahawai.

Facing the woman and her escort, Kahahawai admitted that he had struck the blow.

Chief McIntosh seized the five men and immediately rushed them to Queen's hospital.

Lyng on her white cot, Thalia Massie immediately and positively identified four of the men as her attackers. One by one she named them, first Kahahawai, second Ahakuelo. They had sat beside her, she said. They had rained blows upon her. Ida, she declared positively, was the driver of the car. Chang was one of the other men. She was not sure of David Takai.

On the following day, Monday, Chief McIntosh formally charged the five with abduction and rape.

Senator William Heen, part Hawaiian, and William B. Pittman, brother of Senator Key Pittman of Nevada, were retained as defense attorneys. Ida obtained his release under bond of \$2,500 and each of the others gave bond of \$2,000.

Indictment followed in October and in November the five pleaded not guilty in circuit court.

Bombshell Developments

BEFORE a mixed jury of whites and Orientals, Thalia Massie, still suffering from injuries to her jaw, told her horrifying story in a courtroom filled with men and women of many races.

White auditors shuddered when Lieutenant-Commander John E. Porter, U. S. N., M. C., told of the frightful brutality wreaked by vicious assailants upon the youthful Mrs. Massie. Describing her injuries in detail, he said:

"She had a fracture of the lower jaw and a fracture of the left side. The right cheek was one mass of bruises. The right eye was closed, the nose was swollen and bleeding. There was a tear in the flesh of the right wrist. Below the right knee there was a bruise two inches in diameter. She had an abrasion of the left ankle about six inches long."

Yet despite these damning announcements, justice moved slowly.

Then Chief McIntosh made the surprising discovery that there was factional disloyalty in his own department.

Members of the detective bureau, he discovered, and the identification officer had gone to the defense attorneys with their findings before reporting to headquarters! And the identification officer had refused to take photographs of automobile tire prints in the mud at the scene of the crime, which, according to another officer, matched the tires of Ida's car!

The city divided swiftly on the guilt of the five men. Efforts were made to confuse the issue—to show that a white man

[Continued on page 55]

The Mystery that Rocked the New York **The SECRET OF THE**

*By Detective J. J. KRON
As Told To THEODORE D. IRWIN*

NOW IT CAN BE TOLD!

Never before has the world known in full the shocking truth behind the disappearance of pretty Ruth Cruger.

Had she kept a lover's tryst—been kidnaped—or met an even more sinister fate?

Police did not know. They pondered briefly, investigated cursorily and dropped the case!

Then a bombshell burst at headquarters.

A private sleuth had found the missing girl!

Here, for the first time, is his story—an amazing document written by the man who succeeded after official New York failed.

"COME home quick. Ruth has disappeared." The telegram, written in a girlish hand, lay on the counter of a little telegraph office in Manhattan. A frantic, white-faced young woman had just hurried out of the place.

It was only another of the staccato messages that then—more than today—made up the grist of a telegraph company's daily business. But it was to rouse a nation. It was to stir the greatest city in America to its very depths. It was to shake the police department of that city to its foundations and to inaugurate a drama that reached to the state departments of two nations.

For this was the telegram that first announced the mysteri-



Petite, smiling Ruth Cruger waved a cheery goodbye to her sisters and vanished into the maelstrom of missing girls. What was the sinister secret behind her strange disappearance?

ous disappearance of Ruth Cruger and on that chill Tuesday, February 13, 1917, it was soon chattering over the wires to Boston.

Henry D. Cruger, to whom it was addressed, had left for Boston the day before with Mrs. Cruger, leaving his three daughters, Helen, Christine and Ruth, in charge of their Manhattan home. There had been not the slightest hint of impending tragedy when they departed.

The girls had been entirely unafraid as they made a lark of caring for the house without the father and mother.

The next afternoon, seventeen-year-old Ruth, the youngest of the three, had decided to take advantage of the brisk winter weather to go skating and had left the house to take her skates

Police System on its Foundations!

CELLAR TOMB



RUTH CRUGER'S NEMESIS

Doggedly sticking to the case after police had written it from their books, Detective Kron and his associates ferreted out this man and wrung a confession from him which solved the mystery of the vanished girl.

away, one to the telegraph office, the other to the house to be sure that Ruth had not returned.

Before night the parents' reply had been received. Mr. and Mrs. Cruger were on their way home from Boston, and the police commissioner himself had taken charge of the search for the girl.

The Dorothy Arnold case—that never-to-be solved mystery of another missing girl—was too fresh in the minds of New York people to permit delay. And it was already known that a sinister white-slave traffic was responsible for some of the 1,000 to 1,500 girls who annually disappeared from the homes of the great city to be swallowed up in mystery or shame.

A Sinister Occurrence

WHEN Henry Cruger reached the house, he brought what appeared to be valuable information for the police. He told of an attempt to annoy his beautiful youngest daughter a few Sundays before.

Walking along Riverside Drive toward church, he said, Ruth had been stopped by a well-dressed man who invited her

for sharpening to a nearby motorcycle shop. That was shortly before one o'clock. When an hour passed and she did not return, her sisters grew restless. In another hour they were almost frantic.

Together they rushed to the motorcycle shop.

"Why, yes," replied the voluble motorcycle man, when they questioned him. "She was here. She came to the shop about one o'clock. See, here are her skates. She left them and went away."

The busy little repairman and his pleasant wife offered to help hunt for the girl.

But the sisters could not wait for that. They must notify their father and mother immediately. And so they hurried

ADVENTURES



Roaring crowds thronged the street as the Cruger case drew to a sensational climax and the hideous secret of the cellar tomb was laid bare.

to go for a ride in his automobile which was standing near the curb. Frightened by his advances, Ruth hurried into the church. Cruger was able to supply only the vaguest kind of description from his daughter's story, but was certain that she had been kidnaped.

The police made light of the matter. A few days after her disappearance, one of the detectives assigned to the case issued this statement to the press:

"I think the girl is safe. The kidnaping theory lacks much to make it stand up. Unless I am badly mistaken, she will be back with her parents tomorrow."

When Mr. Cruger appealed to the Missing Persons Bureau, the police, still feeling that Ruth had eloped and that the case was of little import, checked up the details of her visit to the motorcycle shop. Under the command of Acting-Captain Alonzo Cooper, Detectives Dillon and Lazarenne of the Detective Bureau made a thorough search of the shop but found no clues to the possible whereabouts of the missing girl.

Cruger, dissatisfied with the methods and attitude of the police, who seemed to be making insinuations against the good character of his daughter, called in William J. Burns of the international detective agency, and other private detective bureaus. The police of Mount Vernon, where the Crugers had formerly lived, also offered their aid.

Over night, the whole city was on the lookout for a dark-haired, dark-eyed girl, five feet five inches in height, weight about 130 pounds, with a prominent dimple in her chin. When she left home, she had been wearing a broad-brimmed black velvet sailor hat, white shirt waist, a blue serge skirt and long black coat. Her only jewelry consisted of a gold wrist watch and a seal ring bearing the emblem of Wadleigh High School, from which she had graduated the previous spring.

Mystery Of The Vanishing Taxi

A NUMBER of detectives working on the elopement angle uncovered a cab driver, who said he had been hailed on Tuesday, the day Ruth vanished, by a young man of about twenty, and directed to a point across the street from the repair shop. Here, a girl, answering the description of Ruth Cruger, was standing, apparently dazed. She looked as if she had been

crying. The man jumped from the cab and spoke to the girl. With reluctance, she finally entered the cab with him and they were driven to the 125th street subway station.

A photographer, whose studios faced the shop, verified the driver's story. But there the clue came to a blind end. The young couple had apparently taken the subway on the uptown side. What had happened to the girl after she left the subway?

Two young Teacher's College students volunteered the information that they had been accosted by a young man and a search for him was instigated in the belief that a band of white slavers were abducting girls for the enormous traffic rampant at the time between South America and the United States.

Interviews with a New York University student who had been one of Ruth's friends, revealed that she had phoned him Tuesday morning and asked him to go skating but that he had excused himself because he was too busy with his studies.

Leads furnished by countless telephone tips and anonymous letters were followed up without result. Every alley of search was exhausted.

Three days after the disappearance of Ruth Cruger, the owner of the motorcycle shop, Alfredo Cocchi, also vanished. The police were convinced that Cocchi, the last person known to have seen Ruth Cruger alive, was in no way connected with her disappearance. It was learned that he had been intimidated by a private detective who was said to have entered the shop, seized Cocchi by the throat and tried to choke a confession out of him. This man had made Cocchi believe he was about to be arrested. It was a natural thing for an illiterate foreigner, thus frightened, to flee.

Police who had been acquainted with the Italian—he had repaired their motorcycles—vouched that he was a good, simple fellow and were incensed at the treatment he had received at the hands of their rivals, the private investigators.

Mr. Cruger, feeling that Cocchi was the only tangible link between Ruth and himself, having been the last to see Ruth alive, offered a reward of \$1,000 for information of his whereabouts. At the request of Cruger, the wife was grilled by District Attorney Swann for several hours. After the grilling, Swann announced that he believed Cocchi was within a few hours of New York City.

Then Swann turned about and questioned Cruger, after

STARTLING DETECTIVE

which the district attorney announced he was convinced that Ruth was hiding in New York and that she had quit her home voluntarily.

Anonymous Assistance

ONLY Ruth's family did not forget. Mr. Cruger kept prodding the police, hiring private detectives, offering rewards. Then, in April of that year, the wife of a professor at the School of Ethical Culture anonymously provided funds for a further investigation and engaged a woman attorney to conduct it. This woman then retained me as detective in charge of the case and made it clear that this investigation was not to fail, that I must find Ruth Cruger—or her body. I thought it wise to hide my identity and work under cover. My employer was my shield, and only through her did the newspapers get the details of my progress in the case.

My first step was to make a thorough, unbiased check-up of Ruth Cruger's personal life. My operative, Leah Rayne, visited the girl's schoolmates and friends on the possible chance that she might learn something new about the girl. In every case, the father's statements were verified. Ruth was a fine, sweet girl, who had never had a love affair and who was essentially moral and conventional.

My own personal investigation of Alfred Cocchi brought out some astounding facts that served to explain his disappearance.

I found evidence that the good opinion the police had of Cocchi was based upon the fact that he had been a go-between for the cops, a "fixer" for speed summonses. The unfortunate speeders who offered money to the officers of the law were told to go to Cocchi's where their tickets were voided upon their paying a bribe. Thus, the police could make extra money without becoming directly implicated. For this reason, Cocchi's repair shop had become very popular with motorists.

But I had to find the man and question him.

For the next step in my campaign, I went after the wife in order to reach her husband. I decided to place one of my operatives, Marie Vanello, a clever brunette, in the Cocchi home. In this way, I hoped to locate Cocchi's family in this country, which possibly might lead to Cocchi's hiding place. I felt certain that he could be of help to me in my search for Ruth.

So Marie went to board at the Cocchi home.

The New Mechanic

WITHIN a few weeks, the women were intimate friends. As a matter of fact, Marie's room rent paid almost all the rent for Mrs. Cocchi's apartment. I had given Marie my car, after having changed the license plates. She drove the family about, occasionally to see relatives. Thus we learned their addresses.

It was then a simple matter to have my operatives intercept all incoming mail at the homes of all those connected with Cocchi. I believed that if he communicated at all with his wife, it would be through one of these relatives. My theory happily proved correct. One day I intercepted a letter which revealed the whereabouts of the man I was seeking. Cocchi wrote from Bologna, Italy, where he was hiding at the home of a sister-in-law, saying that he feared the police and was staying under cover. Clearly, Ruth was not with him.

I had found Cocchi, but I still had no trace of Ruth Cruger. I had not a shred of evidence that a crime had been committed. I didn't know what to do.

From Marie, I learned that the Cocchi family was displeased with the shop mechanic and was going to pay him off on Saturday. I decided to get the job myself. My object was to get a chance to search the interior of the shop. But I wanted to keep anyone from suspecting that the Cruger case had been revived.

[Continued on page 65]



The tensity that gripped the entire city of New York was ended when indefatigable searchers solved the riddle of a weird subterranean crypt. Above, workers are shown removing the body of the ill-fated Ruth Cruger.



Captain Howard L. Barlow, the author.

By CAPTAIN H. L. BARLOW

Fingerprint Expert, Los Angeles Police Dept.

As told to

CHESTER L. SAXBY

PIANO music drifted from a bungalow on West Fiftieth street, Los Angeles, as Mrs. Richard Parsons idly fingered the keys. It was a soft October night. Mrs. Parsons was restless. Should she visit a picture show? There was drama to watch on the silvered screen—excitement to thrill to. Or should she curl up with a book and fancy herself living the adventures of the heroine?

Unable to decide, she played on. Suddenly there was a slight, furtive sound at the rear bedroom window. But Mrs. Parsons didn't hear it. The music covered not only that sound but otherreaking rasps. Unseen hands were prying at the screen.

A few minutes later the lamplight fell on a figure in the doorway, the figure of a man who might have stepped off the pages of a thrilling novel. Garbed in a tan topcoat, he paused there, and in his right hand a revolver gleamed. Under the shading brim of his soft hat his eyes held much the same metallic glint as he stared at the back of the unsuspecting woman whose fingers on the keyboard made his entrance possible.

"Stick 'em up!" a peculiar, hard voice cut through the piano notes.

Mrs. Parsons turned to find a masked face above her. She screamed.

"Cut that noise!" the voice commanded harshly. "One more peep out of you, and I'll let you have it! Get those hands up!"

She was not dreaming. The mask, the gun, the snarling voice—they were real! Out of nowhere they had entered her house. She was looking into a glistening gun-barrel. Death was perched on a tightening trigger-finger!

Her hands rose above her head. "What do you want?" she cried.

I FREED a

BARLOW'S CLINCHING EVIDENCE

Proving his contention that "fingerprint evidence cannot lie," Captain Barlow amazed his contemporaries by showing that the print (left) that of Earl (Weasel) Carroll, was identical with the latent print (right) left by the bandit marauder on the frame of a window screen at the Parsons' home. Seventeen points of similarity were estab-

lished in these prints. In elaboration, Captain Barlow says in part: "In the right print start with the ridge fork ing up into the core. Count two ridges to the left and you have a fork that runs into the delta and appears as an enclosure. Follow this ridge down. It ends abruptly. The next ridge to the right of it ends abruptly a little lower down. This makes a strong spot for a comparison. In addition to the fingerprint evidence, Captain Barlow found similarities in the scrollwork of the palm—a total of 35 points—double the number needed!



Eyes of a killer gleamed above an evil mask. Suddenly his gun roared and a frantic woman crumpled to the floor. Such was the prologue to a grim drama which doomed a man to San Quentin even when fingerprints had proved him guiltless!

Here is the strange story of a man-hunter who sought to reverse the law—how scientific detection achieved an amazing legal victory.

"I want your diamonds." A hand reached for her upflung fingers and jerked at a ring set with four white stones. "Get the rest of 'em!"

Terrorized, she gasped at the half-concealed face. The rest of them—yes, yes, he meant her jewelry! In a daze she got up and stumbled across the room. Her other rings—her watch—the bracelets—he wanted them all! That was what he was after, and when he got them he would go, of course! She moved to find them.

But where were they? She couldn't remember, couldn't think. That gun with the lead bullet waiting in the barrel, waiting to rip into her flesh if she did anything wrong! It filled her whole mind and paralyzed her brain.

She made for the bedroom, closely followed by the man, rummaged hopelessly through the bureau drawers, opened some boxes and shook her head. When she looked up, those eyes were piercing into her. They had narrowed to slits, and above the handkerchief drawn across the bridge of the man's nose, they were deadly cold. Under the handkerchief the mouth was swearing.

"I can't! Turn the gun away, please—please! I'm trying!"

He took two steps and, cursing, put the pistol to her head. "Stalling, eh? One more minute, and I'll blow out your brains!"

"No, no!" she sobbed. "Give me time to think! I'm care-

STARTLING DETECTIVE

LIFE CONVICT



James W. Preston, who served two years for a crime he didn't commit.



Roused by screams and the ominous sound of revolver fire, neighbors investigated and discovered Mrs. Parsons' body on the porch indicated by arrow above.



Brilliant sleuthing enabled Captain Barlow to trap Earl Carroll.

less, I guess. I don't know where to find them. In the den—maybe in the den!"

She led the way weakly into the den to paw through the desk. A sudden angry snarl brought her around. The robber's gaze had swung to the window. The shade was up, and the light was streaming over him. His fury doubled.

"That's why you came in here—to give me away, huh? You think you can—" "Don't—don't!" she broke in hysterically. "Don't kill me! How did I know? Just a minute! Let me find them!"

Her voice trailed away. He was skirting the window as if to pull down the shade, and his cursing was horrible. His patience at an end, he was going to make her suffer now. And in her nervousness she knew she would scream. Then the bullet!

Desperately she raced for the living room. She was at the front door and had tugged it open. She reached the porch, gasping. There would be people on the street—people to save her. She had escaped!

In that moment the gun spoke behind her. The bullet took her full in the back. At the threshold of safety she crumpled in a heap.

The Tell-Tale Print

ON THE roar of the explosion the robber spun and dashed back through the house, out the back door, through the yard and over the fence.

Neighbors were on the scene in a few minutes. They called for an ambulance and watched it carry away a woman all but done to death by a dark gust of crime that had blown in at her bedroom window. Possibly she would die in the night.

The bullet had plowed into her stomach and through it, to lodge under the skin of the abdomen. An ugly wound straight through her body. She hovered on the edge of life, while doctors at the General Hospital worked to stop the internal bleeding, and detectives stood at the door listening for a conscious word to start them on a grim manhunt.

Little help they got on the premises of her home. Half a footprint they discovered at the far side of the fence—a print with no heel-mark and of scarcely any value.

The screen of the rear bedroom window was lying on the ground where the burglar had dropped it after pulling it loose. If Mrs. Parsons died, this screen held the only hope of bringing the killer to answer for the murder. Hands that had

reached up and ripped it away might have marked it with a signature—fingerprints.

Carefully lifted and wrapped in paper so that no other hands might touch it directly, that screen was delivered to me.

I dusted the frame and blew away the powder and saw the tell-tale mark of a set of fingers. They were not clear, like prints made from an inked pad. They were blurred by the movement of swinging the screen to the ground. Yet on this sole evidence a man was likely to be hanged.

While I photographed and enlarged and pored over those curving, curling lines, a man was being booked in the Eastside jail on the charge of wearing a navy uniform unlawfully. So Fate weaves her strange webs to trap human flies.

The man at the Eastside jail, James W. Preston, could not give a satisfactory account of where he was on the night Mrs. Parsons was shot. Caught in a lie, he became frightened and told another. His fingerprints were brought to me.

In the hospital the desperately wounded woman was still alive and battling for strength. Weakly she tried to tell of her experience. In her tormented mind a harsh voice drummed out curses and threats, and piercing blue eyes above a half-mask haunted her memory, pursuing her as she fought to live. The eyes of a man below medium height—a slim man, rather young—eyes she could not forget!

The detectives brought James Preston from the jail and led him to her bedside and put him through his paces. She stared at him and heard his voice say, "Stick 'em up!" She saw his eyes narrow to slits. She nodded. He was the man, she whispered.

On this identification Preston was promptly arraigned in court and charged with burglary, robbery, and assault with intent to commit murder.

I finished my comparison of Preston's fingerprints and reported:

"These prints do not correspond with those photographed on the screen window of the Parsons home."

But the case didn't seem to turn on that. The victim of the cowardly shooting had won her fight with death and at the trial that followed she testified that Preston was the man who shot her. She recognized his voice, and, above all, his piercing blue eyes. Preston was forthwith convicted by a jury that took just five minutes to decide unanimously that he was guilty.

News of the conviction surprised me. I had expected to be

[Continued on page 64]

The CLUE OF THE BRONZE SLIPPER

Investigating this strange location of a brush pile, woods-wise men found the bronze slipper which revealed a triple tragedy.

Gruesomely protruding from tangled underbrush, a dainty dancing pump led Washington officials to a ghastly discovery.

For the slipper was not merely a casual clue—it clung to the foot of a murdered woman!

Nor was that all. Fresh horrors followed, and police faced not one slaying, but three!

Here is a master sleuth's own story of how he solved an astounding triple death riddle.

By HARRY L. CUSACK

Former Police Chief, Olympia, Washington

As told to HOLLIS B. FULTZ

LATE in the afternoon of New Year's Day, 1919, two hunters toiled upward from the Hogum Flats to the timber belt which fringed Hawkes prairie, ten miles east of Olympia, Washington.

Since daybreak they had waited in a crudely constructed duck-blind for ducks that never came.

Disconsolate, weary, eager to get home, the two hunters, both experienced woodsmen, were however not so low in spirit as to miss anything which seemed out of place in the wilds which surrounded them.

"Dad," said the youth suddenly, "why should there be a brush pile like that out here in the timber?"

"Does look strange, doesn't it?" replied the older man.

"Looks just like somebody had piled it up. It's not a windfall. Isn't that something sticking up underneath the brush?"

"Let's take a look," the father continued.

Pulling away the suspicious looking limbs the two men soon ascertained what had attracted their attention at the bottom of the heap.

It was a woman's bronze slipper!

The glistening toe protruded slightly from the ground which had apparently been disturbed by nosing gophers.

Gingerly the youth stooped to pick it up, then recoiled in dismay. *For the slipper still clung to a human foot!*

Hasty examination of a shallow grave revealed the presence of a woman's body, badly decomposed.

STARTLING DETECTIVE



MYSTERY VICTIM

Weeks of effort by seasoned manhunters failed to reveal the identity of this woman, wearer of the bronze slipper.

Five baby fingers beckoned searchers to new horrors in Olympia's picnic ground of death



THE GRAVE OF THE BECKONING FINGERS

Exposed to view by nosing rodents, the fingers of a slain child bared another angle to the horrible death plot and ultimately led to the capture of the killer.



SLAIN BABY

But for the finding of this chubby youngster's body, the full extent of the hideous crime might never have been brought to light.



Billy Burnett's exposed fingers led police to his shallow grave.

The two men hastened to Olympia. There they called on Coroner Jesse T. Mills, also the mayor and an ex-sheriff of Thurston county in which Olympia is located. Taking an assistant, Mills and the two hunters were soon back at the lonely brush-pile on the prairie. And although nauseated by their task the four men at last gathered into a basket the remains of a woman, who had been dead many months.

The body was clothed in a light silk dress and a heavy coat of green material. About her shoulders hung a mass of dark, auburn hair; the hair of a young woman, lustrous, beautiful

even in death. High-heeled, bronze dancing pumps were on her feet.

Near the brush-pile grave lay fifteen feet of quarter-inch rope. From this clue Coroner Mills concluded that the girl had probably been murdered at some other spot, then brought to Hawkes prairie for burial.

Camp Lewis, one of the principal cantonments of the World war, still held some 40,000 soldiers at the time of the finding of the girl's body. Dances were virtually a nightly occurrence in the surrounding cities and towns. Coroner Mills was firm in his belief, because of the dancing pumps, that the girl was a dance hall girl. It was impossible to determine if an assault had been committed.

There was little reason for the girl and a companion to have been in such a secluded spot as that where the body was found. It was some distance from the nearest roadway, and a mile or more from the main highway to Camp Lewis.

"Likely killed in an automobile and brought to the woods for burial," said Coroner Mills.

At the time of the finding of the body I was in Seattle on official business connected with my job as chief of police. When the news reached me through Coroner Mills, I at once began work on the case in Seattle. Police there went through their files of "missing girls," but found no "red-heads" missing within the past few months.

I encountered a like experience at Tacoma, where I stopped on my way home. No girl missing who at all answered the description of the one found in the lonely grave on Hawkes prairie.

When I got back to Olympia I was anxious, of course, to find out exactly what clues had been found at the place of burial.

"There they are," replied Mayor Mills, pointing to a small pile of clothing in a corner of the undertaking establishment. It wasn't very encouraging. The trail was old; and very cold.

The Graveyard On The Prairie

I DEVOTED the next few days to getting out circulars to the police of the Northwest and California. We reconstructed as good a description as possible of the woman found on the prairie, but not a single clue came in.

Knowing that no girl was missing from Olympia, unless family or sweetheart did not care or dare report it, I quit working for the time being on the theory that the girl was from the immediate neighborhood. As a matter of fact I came near quitting the case entirely. For, after all it was a case for the sheriff of the county.

But somehow the thought of that woman in the prairie grave haunted me. Her body had been found on Wednesday afternoon. On Saturday morning I called Mayor Mills on the phone.

"Jess," I said, "let's you and I go out to the prairie and take another look around. Maybe we can find something that has been overlooked."

"Sure," Jess replied, "and I've got a little news for you. That bursted skull isn't the result of a blow. Her head and body are full of bird shot."

Killed with a shotgun! That meant, in all probability that the woman had been murdered on the spot.

But what in the world would a woman dressed for the dance hall be doing in such a wild spot with a murderer and his shotgun?

Shortly after 10 o'clock we arrived at the spot where the body was found. I began roving through the brush about fifty feet from the brush-pile grave. I had an idea the murderer might have left something else thereabouts.

Suddenly my attention was attracted to something white, near the roots of a tree. As I got close I could see that the object was a hat, stuffed under the roots of the fir.

I stooped and pulled the hat from its hiding place, fully expecting to find a modish headpiece such as a dance hall girl might be expected to wear. But as I straightened up I gasped in amazement.

In my hand I held a child's straw hat!

What could it mean? Enough to set me searching again. Carefully now I scrutinized every foot of ground. A little farther on I came to a wind-fallen tree.

Not in the up-turned roots, or the hole left from the upturning, but under the trunk of the tree, in front of the roots, I noticed that rodents had disturbed the earth. Gophers had been responsible for the first clue—why not another?

The animals had made a considerable hole. And shoved into that hole was a woman's broad-rimmed straw hat. I pulled the hat from the dirt.

And there stared up at me the broken skull of a child! That was apparent from the size of the skull!

I said nothing, but throwing the hat back over the gopher hole, I proceeded to the right for a few paces, to what appeared another gopher disturbance.

I had walked probably twenty feet, and had reached the foot of another tree, when I paused in utter amazement at the ghastliness of the sight I beheld.

From the earth, at my very feet, protruded five whitened digits.

Five little fingers! The fingers of a child!

Woman in one grave, skull of child in another; five little fingers in still another. What had I found? Mother and child or mother and children? It was time to call the coroner. No officer ever had one closer at hand when he was needed.

"For God's sake, Jess, come over here!" I called. "This place is a regular graveyard."

"What's that?" the mayor-coroner queried.

"Here is another body," I called back. "Maybe two of them."

Coroner Mills came hurrying to my side. I pointed out my discoveries. He began to dig quickly, silently. Soon the results of his labors were revealed.

The coroner had exhumed two additional bodies!

Ghastly Discoveries

IN THE first grave, under the wind-fallen tree, was the body of a boy, about five years old. He was clad in blue overalls, a blue chevrot coat, and a black and white, checkered baby hat.

In the second grave, where the five little fingers protruded from the soil, was another boy, slightly larger and older than the first child found. This caused us to believe the dead composed a family. The second boy was wearing a gray-white sweater, and the straw hat which I had picked up had evidently once covered his fair head.

We searched diligently for another hour, but there were no more graves. Hawkes prairie had apparently given up its dead. It was up to me to find the fiend who had committed the murders.

I carefully preserved every piece of physical evidence we found near the graves. In one of the burial places we found two old newspapers. They seemed to offer the most likely clues. One was a *Portland Oregonian*, of May 5, 1918—the other an *Olympia Daily Recorder* of July 5, 1917.

The wide divergence in the date of the two dailies was something to ponder over. Why would the murderer have a *Portland* paper of a date one year later than an *Olympia* paper, in his possession at the time the crime was committed?

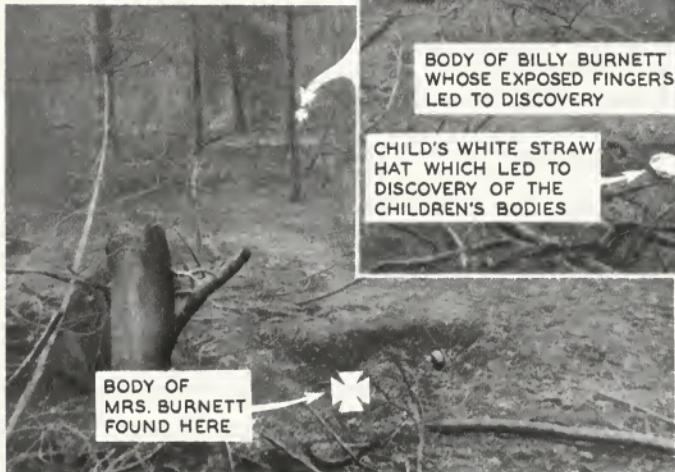
There seemed to me but one answer to that question. I was mistaken about the missing family not coming from Olympia. The date of the *Oregonian* might very well be the



Found afterward in the possession of a neighbor of the slain children, this small wagon was proved to be the conveyance in which the baby boy took his last ride. In the picture above the author is shown standing at the spot where the killer left Hawkes prairie and guided his victims to the picnic of doom.

DEATH SCENE

A child's straw hat led Chief Cusack to the grave of the beckoning fingers, uncovered a series of amazing revelations and fixed guilt upon the brutal killer.



GRAVE OF 4 YEAR OLD
WALTER BURNETT

BODY OF BILLY BURNETT
WHOSE EXPOSED FINGERS
LED TO DISCOVERY

CHILD'S WHITE STRAW
HAT WHICH LED TO
DISCOVERY OF THE
CHILDREN'S BODIES

Actuated by an inhuman frenzy, the calloused slayer struck down the defenseless woman, then pursued the screaming children through the woods and despatched them in one of the most horrible tragedies ever to shock the Northwest.

date of the murder, but the *Recorder* must have been picked up around the family residence. The *Recorder* was not generally read throughout the state. It was a local daily with small circulation outside the immediate vicinity. That seemed to me to point to the fact that the family residence had been for a time at least, and at the time of the murder, in or near Olympia.

All our earlier theories were now exploded. It did not now seem likely that the woman was a dance hall girl, despite the bronze pumps and the flimsy dress. Many mothers and their children picnicked on Hawkes prairie, and we thought the deed might have been the work of a tramp. But why would a woman assume such a dress for a prairie picnic party? And why would a tramp have a shotgun?

What puzzled me most was how a whole family could disappear from our little city of only 9,000 souls without attracting attention. If from Olympia, the family was one not well known.

The finding of the *Oregonian* naturally led to an intensive hunt in Portland. I had splendid co-operation from the Portland police, but not a trace did we get of a missing family.

We really had nothing outside the clothing to identify the bodies of the murdered three, but the presence of the Olympia *Recorder* stuck in my mind. I decided to work on the theory that the family had lived in Olympia.

The skulls of both the little boys were crushed. Still hoping that I might find the weapon with which this had been done, Mayor Mills and I once more went back to Hawkes prairie. A two hour search failed to bring any results and we were about ready to give up.

Tired and discouraged, I leaned against a fallen tree, the trunk of which was about waist-high. Throwing my arm back over the tree to rest, my hand came into contact with a metallic substance. Turning about I grasped the blade of a shovel. On the blade was a dark, reddish substance, that looked like dried blood. And initialed in the steel was an identifying mark. The letters "H.-M." stood out like letters of fire.

The shovel once more led us to a Camp Lewis trail. The tool was of a type in general use about the camp. Forty thousand soldiers were still in camp, and at least one division had sailed for France since the bodies were buried. If the murderer belonged to the army the proverbial "needle in the haystack," would be a cinch to find in comparison to the killer.

That shovel, I was certain, was the one which had been used to bury the bodies. But it did not take long to learn that there were hundreds of shovels at Camp Lewis initiated in the same identical manner. The "H.-M." stood for Hurley-Mason, the contracting firm then erecting buildings in the camp.

A Strange Picnic Party

NEWSPAPERS may sometimes be a hindrance to an officer by revealing too much of his information, but they are just as likely to be a great aid. Now the dailies came to my assistance.

Having read of the murders in a Tacoma newspaper, a man wrote me from that city, saying that about the middle of May, he and his wife were driving slowly across Hawkes prairie, searching for wild flowers.

Hawkes prairie is criss-crossed with roads; trail-like highways that run in every direction. Along one of these came a man and a woman. They noticed the woman particularly because she wore a pair of bronze slippers, certainly out of place in such a spot.

The man was pulling a little red wagon, in which a small boy was seated. The wagon trailed some distance behind the father, if such he was. As the little band came closer it could be seen that the man was pulling the wagon by means of a long rope.

A second child, also a boy, trudged along beside the older couple. The parents, if such, were quarreling. They were trying to decide where to stop.

The woman carried a basket, and a spade! The man had some sort of a gun in his arms.



TRIPLE SLAYER
The Singing Suspect,
so called because he
hummed and sang in
apparent unconcern
as the trial neared,
sang another tune
when convicted of
the inhuman crime.

April 192

Norman you can get a
divorce now if you like
I am leaving you never to
return.

I don't bother you for
any more money and I
will not contact any case
you might bring up either.
I kissed the baby the last
time for you and I am
going a long way off from
here so you don't need to
look for me. I just took
what things that belonged
to me and that's all.

Elizabeth.

Ostensibly the dead woman's farewell note, this letter played a strange part in the murder trial.

I immediately got in touch with the Tacoma couple. I felt they were telling the truth because they spoke about the shovel, and no mention of this had yet been made in the newspapers.

If I could only find that red coaster wagon! Surely if the man who pulled that wagon across Hawkes prairie was a murderer, he would not pull it back again, empty. Once more I searched the prairie, extending the scope of the territory previously covered. But not a trace of the little red wagon did I find.

Encouraged by this clue resulting from the newspaper publicity I decided to try that method again. Through the press I sent out a description of the clothing of the woman and children we had found. The story was printed in every newspaper on the Pacific coast, together with an appeal for anyone knowing such a family to correspond with the Olympia police.

From a woman in San Francisco there came a letter stating that her auburn-haired daughter, with two sons had gone north to join her husband about a year previous. She had heard nothing from her daughter for months. She said the destination given when the daughter left home was Olympia, Washington. This seemed like a hot lead. Prosecutor O'Leary and I left immediately for California.

In San Francisco we found that the daughter, Nora White, had married Norman Burnett in the fall of 1911. Two children were born, but the parents became estranged, and had not lived together for some time prior to the husband's departure from California.

Then, in 1918, Nora somehow decided to rejoin her husband, who, she had learned, was working in Olympia. At the time Nora left San Francisco, according to her mother, she was wearing three large diamond rings.

There were no diamonds on the body found on the prairie, but the mention of them stirred my memory. Some months before, a man had come to my office and complained that he had been swindled in a "wire tire" invention deal. He claimed to have lost \$800 and three diamonds.

I asked the mother to describe again the husband of her missing daughter. Unless my memory was deceiving me the description fitted the man who had complained of the loss of the diamonds.

The Clue Of The Missing Diamonds

THE mother could give us no identification of the clothing. We came back to Olympia. I wanted to find the fellow who claimed he had lost the diamonds. I pondered. Were those diamonds taken from a dead woman's fingers? Were they the motive for three horrible murders? Or, had they been used to pay for a murder?

While we were away we had arranged with the local papers to carry a repetition of the description of the clothing of the murdered three.

One afternoon shortly after our return, our publicity began to show results. A prominent Olympia grocer rushed into Coroner Mill's funeral parlors, with shaving lather all over his face. He was perceptibly excited.

"Jess," he panted, "where are those hats?"

"You know," he continued breathlessly, "I was over there in the chair at Bill's barber shop, when all at once something seemed to say, 'You know those hats.' I didn't even wait to wipe the lather off my face. I had suddenly remembered that a family with two kids about the size of those you found, had rented an apartment from my wife, and that I hadn't seen them for a long time. Not since last spring. But those two kids had funny little hats which I wouldn't ever forget. I think the father worked in the shipyard."

There were 1,500 shipyard workers in Olympia at that time. By the time the grocer had reached this point in his excited story Coroner Mills had led him back to where the clothing was on display. Hundreds of people had viewed those pitiful garments in the days following the finding of the bodies of the children.

"That's them—those are the hats the kids wore when they lived in the apartment. Oh what the devil was that fellow's name?" And out the door rushed the grocer, lather drying on his face.

Now it happened that at about the same time this man was coming to his senses in the barber chair, another man sat

reading to his wife the reprinted descriptions of the hats and clothing of the victims.

"The woman's hat was a plain, wide-rimmed straw, which had been decorated with a red ribbon and red thistles," the husband read.

"Why I know that hat," broke in the wife. "It belonged to that red haired woman who lived in the apartments. She was over here when she trimmed it—I helped her and—she had two little boys."

Excitedly the couple hurried to Coroner Mills with their information. They arrived at the undertaking parlors at about the same time that the grocer returned.

"Burnett, Burnett, that's the name," the latter claimed. The couple corroborated the identification of the hats. There could be little doubt that the dead woman was Mrs. Nora Burnett, and the two boys her children.

But where was the husband Mrs. Burnett had come north to rejoin?

I began my inquiries among the near neighbors of the Burnett's at the apartment building and the little house in the rear of the apartments, where the family had last resided.

The couple had quarreled constantly. The neighbors were more favorably inclined toward Burnett than toward his wife. "Why, she even taught those kids to hate him," one neighbor said.

But from another acquaintance and neighbor of Burnett, we got the first information which seemed to connect the missing man with the terrible find on the prairie.

"I knew Burnett well," this man said, "and shortly before his family left Olympia he and I went on a clam digging expedition to the Hogum flats. That was early in May."

"When we got back to town Burnett said he would like to keep the shovel for a few days. That is the last time I have seen it. The shovel was one that I got from my father-in-law. He used it on the construction job at Camp Lewis. It had the initials, H.-M. cut in the blade."

"When I inquired about his family, Burnett said they had left him while on a picnic at Hawkes prairie, taking a stage to Tacoma. He said she took all his money and the children.

"I believed him. Mrs. Burnett had often threatened to 'light out,' and she had left him once before.

"One day Burnett told me that when his wife went away, she left a little coaster wagon out in the woods where the picnic was held. And a gun. He said I could have them if I wanted them, and we went out to the prairie and brought them in.

"Burnett has been back to the prairie several times in the last few months, that I know of," the speaker concluded. He still had the little red wagon in his possession. The father-in-law readily identified the shovel I had found as the one he had loaned to his son-in-law.

The Woman In The Case

ALL the time we were talking about Burnett's trips to the prairie, I could not help but think of the old theory that the murderer always returned to the scene of his crime. But if this were true—it Burnett had murdered his family and still had the courage to return from time to time to the place where he had buried them, why had he not hidden them more successfully?

It now seemed apparent that the murder had been committed in May, about the time of the date on the Portland newspaper. The latest witness fixed the last appearance of the family as about that time. My Tacoma informant fixed the time he had seen the quarreling family on the prairie as May, 1918. Eight months had gone by. Whoever the murderer, he would have been lulled into a sense of security by the lapse of time.

Of course the thing to do was find Burnett. But I was hardly prepared to discover that he was still living in an Olympia apartment house, and was making no attempt to hide his identity. This led naturally to the conclusion that there was some strong attraction in Olympia for Burnett. We soon found it; a woman. No need to name her. She was a school teacher and a woman of refinement. Burnett spent much of his time in her company.

Burnett wasn't in his room when I went to interview him.
[Continued on page 48]



VITAL CLUE

Found near the murderer scene, this shovel used to dig the three graves, was hailed as a promising clue until it was discovered that it came from an army camp housing 40,000 men. Yet Chief Cusack (shown above) was able, through this clue, to get a lead on the infamous slayer.



NEMESIS

A close-up of Chief Cusack, author of this story, who solved the riddle of the triple deaths in brilliant, masterly style.



Lowdown on the Famous

CUDAHY

By T. R. PORTER

Of the Omaha World-Herald.



He Framed A Perfect Crime!

Here is the strangest, most amazing detective story ever told—the intimate lowdown on America's only perfect crime!

Countless criminals have plotted apparently flawless schemes only to find themselves trapped by some minute detail, some tiny, fatal error that led to jail or gallows.

But the master mind behind the Cudahy kidnaping plot (see photo above) was unique in criminal annals. He did not err. The thrilling story of his career outrivals the wildest fiction.

Outwitting a posse five thousand strong, this man collected a huge ransom, fled with rewards of \$55,000 on his head, cunningly escaped a five year manhunt and returned to the scene of his crime to stage an unbelievable climax.

Here, for the first time, is the complete, inside story of the nation's greatest kidnap riddle, told in absorbing detail by the man who followed the baffling case from dramatic beginning to sensational close.

—THE EDITOR.

QUIET brooded over Omaha. In the newspaper room at central police station, reporters on the "dog watch" had settled down to a game of pinochle. It was three o'clock on the morning of December 19, 1900.

The last batch of copy had gone in. Morning papers were on the presses. There was nothing in sight, but the night reporters had to stay on duty until six o'clock in the event that something would "break."

And something did break—the biggest story that ever came out of Omaha.

Copy was labeled "front page, minus" for six years, with a new angle bobbing up every few days. And for thirty years something about that story has been in the papers every month or so.

I wasn't "in" on the pinochle game that night. I wasn't on duty. But I got busy on that story the next morning. And I've been on it for the thirty years it has been in the public eye. I believe I've seen more of this case than any other newspaper reporter or any police officer. I worked on the case itself, on the great manhunt that followed, with its prize of \$55,000, and on all the phases of the case which have bobbed up in these thirty years.

Around the table that night were reporters from each of the three Omaha newspapers and several police officers. They were all waiting for an emergency.

But when the emergency came, nobody recognized it.

At three o'clock that morning the police telephone rang. The pinochle game was suspended. Maybe there was a robbery. Maybe there was a "good" murder. Anyway, it had to be a mighty good story to get into the morning papers which even then were being run off. Presses weren't stopped as quickly in those days as they are now.

"Nothing doing," the night sergeant announced to the newspaper men as he stuck his head through the door. "Just a lost boy."

The game was resumed.

The newspaper men didn't realize it at the moment, but they had missed the opportunity of a lifetime for a tremendous "scoop." And those emergency police officers had missed a chance of possibly solving their greatest case.

A Three-Line Item

EDWARD A. CUDAHY was president of the big Cudahy Packing Company, and was worth millions of dollars. He lived in a big new cut-stone three-story house near Thirty-seventh street and Dewey avenue, in the heart of the fashionable residential section of the city about a mile and a half from the business part of the town. That section was thickly settled with big houses, and the streets were well lighted.

That evening of December 18, 1900, Edward Cudahy and Mrs. Cudahy went calling. They left at home their daughters and one son, Edward, Jr., aged 15, a well set-up young fellow, 5 feet, 6 inches tall, and weighing about 120 pounds.

Immediately after dinner that evening young Cudahy took a couple of books which a neighbor had lent him, and started to return them. The neighbor's home was three blocks distant.

STARTLING DETECTIVE

KIDNAPING

World-Herald.

LAST EDITION

THE WEATHRIL

PRICE ONE CENT.



Kidnaped son of a millionaire packer, Eddie Cudahy, above, was threatened with loss of his eyesight if the ransom demands of the daring abductors were not met.

The young man was to return home as soon as the books were delivered. It was just seven o'clock when he left the house accompanied by his shepherd dog.

Half an hour later the dog returned home. He was very much excited and was restless. But young Cudahy didn't come with him.

The servants thought nothing of the matter. Young Cudahy often remained out until ten o'clock or so.

At 10:30 when Mr. and Mrs. Cudahy returned, Edward, Jr., had not reached home. Nor had he been heard from.

At eleven o'clock Mr. Cudahy telephoned the neighbors and was told the boy had delivered the books and left the house immediately, not even entering. The dog was with him at the time.

Mrs. Cudahy was uneasy. Mr. Cudahy telephoned to those of the boy's friends who had phones. None of them had seen Eddie that evening. Hospitals were telephoned, in fear that there had been an accident. A searching party was formed of the Cudahy servants and the neighborhood was scoured in all directions. This search was kept up until long after midnight.

Mrs. Cudahy was frantic.

Finally, to please his wife, Cudahy, Sr., called the police station and asked that officers join the search.

Automobiles were just beginning to come in at that time. They were still called "horseless carriages." The Omaha [Continued on page 52]

GENERAL KNOX FORCED
TO GIVE UP THE CHASE

Invasion of Cape Colony by 3,000
Boers Makes Enough Bul-
lions for Him.

This Leaves General Down to Boys at
Leisure and Threatens Winburg With
Army of Burghers.

London, Dec. 19.—It is reported this afternoon that General Knox has been obliged to abandon his pursuit of General Botha owing to the situation of the Orange river, which has been crossed by the Boers, threatening the Orange river.

It is said that some republicans have sur-

prised General Botha and a similar number

of British troops have been captured.

It is further reported that General Botha

said that he would not let the Boers

cross the river, and the parents last night

informed the boy that he must remain in camp.

General Botha said that he must remain

in camp until the Boers had been driven

out of the country.

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Iowa's RIDDLE of

Blood-red beacons, flaming across the midnight skies, marked a weird death pyre.

Trapped in the wreckage of a blazing auto, a dead man slumped behind the wheel.

Who was the unknown victim?

Was it accident—suicide or murder?

A horrified public clamored for action; and grim sleuths leaped to the task.

Here is the thrilling, true account of how they solved the roadside mystery.

By MERLIN MOORE TAYLOR

Formerly of the Chicago Herald-Examiner

FEAR gripped the young farmer as his eyes caught a red-dish reflection beyond a slight rise in the road. It was nearly midnight of February 25, 1931.

As he wheeled his car toward Denison, Iowa, the man grew apprehensive that his farm home was afire and his family in danger.

That fear was allayed, however, as he topped the rise and saw that the roaring flames enveloped a light truck that had careened into a ditch by the roadside.

Suddenly, as he drew abreast, the man gasped. He saw with dismay that a human form was in the truck cab behind the steering wheel!

Realizing the futility of trying to do anything single handed, he drove at top speed to a nearby farmhouse, roused the occupants and with their aid subdued the flames and removed from the truck what remained of the body of a man.

It consisted of the trunk and head only. Apparently the legs and arms had been burned off. The features were beyond recognition.

A check-up revealed that the license plates on the truck had been issued to John M. Smith of Perry, Iowa, a hundred miles from Denison. Inquiry revealed that Smith, driving that identical truck, had left his home at 6 o'clock that same night with a load of the insecticide which he manufactured. He told his wife he was taking supplies to agents in Nebraska and would be gone several days.

A Prominent Victim

IMMEDIATELY the story became important news. In his home town Smith was prominent, identified with church work and reputedly wealthy. Moreover, he was a power in Farmer-Labor political circles of the state and as a candidate for governor in the previous campaign had stumped every county, polling an amazing vote.

Belief that the body was that of Smith was strengthened by the finding of his watch, keys and personal papers on either the body or in the cab of the truck. The generally accepted theory was that, after lighting his pipe, he had tossed aside the still lighted stub of a match, that it had ignited leaking insecticide, which contained a highly inflammable substance, and that an explosion had resulted which either had rendered Smith unconscious or killed him outright before the flames reached him.

A coroner's jury accepted this evidence as fact and its verdict named Smith as the victim of an accident. The authorities issued a death certificate in his name and Mrs. Edith Smith, his wife, accepted the body and took it back to Perry for burial.

Mrs. Smith, in her thirties and still noted for the beauty which had won for her numerous contests, was prostrated. Her marriage to Smith had been the culmination of a real love match and a whirlwind courtship and both were devoted to their nine-year-old son.

A few days later, Mrs. Smith made application for payment of policies on her husband's life totaling some \$60,000 and carrying double-indemnity accident clauses which, if honored, would give her \$120,000. Two of the policies, for \$10,000 each, had been issued only two months previously.

Investigation of Dead

FOLLOWING the customary routine where large sums are involved, the insurance company sent one of its investigators, Clare Chittenden, to check up on the death. Refusing

STARTLING DETECTIVE



Assigned to the baffling case by the chief of the Iowa bureau of investigation, Myron Tullar was successful in tracing leads which helped crack the enigma.

the HUMAN Torch



WHERE THE HUMAN TORCH FLAMED

Leaping flames from this truck, ditched near Denison, Iowa, first drew neighboring farmers to the scene and set the stage for a shocking death riddle.

to accept identification of the body as positive, Chittenden began a slow retracing of the route which Smith had presumably taken in the truck after leaving home. Here and there along the hundred miles of highway he found and talked to people who had seen the truck, many of whom had recognized the former candidate for governor who drove it.

Eventually Chittenden came to the scene of the accident, interviewed everyone who professed to know anything about it and so came to the undertaker who had prepared the body for shipment to Perry.

His work, the undertaker said, had necessarily been hurried because of the condition of the body but he had taken the time while at the scene of the accident carefully to search the burned truck for bones from the missing arms and legs. It had struck him as peculiar that none were to be found, that the flames had thoroughly destroyed them while only badly charring the torso and head. This, however, he accounted for on the grounds that the inflammable substance in the insecticide that fed the flames had, according to all accounts, caused intense heat.

"The thing that really puzzled me was that *rigor mortis* had set in already, quicker than any other body I ever handled," he added.

If he saw anything suspicious in that, Investigator Chittenden did not betray it. He went on with his check-up. Presently rumors came to his ears that reliable persons believed they had seen Smith alive and far from the scene of his presumed death days before. Chittenden hunted up those persons, was convinced that they were sincere and hurriedly went to Des Moines to ask cooperation from James Riden, chief of the state bureau of investigation.

Myron Tullar, a state agent, was assigned to help him and they laid their suspicions before Coroner L. H. Ford, who ordered an exhumation of the body buried at Perry five weeks before.

An autopsy disclosed that the body had been embalmed—and the undertaker at Denison had said the body was impossible.

ADVENTURES



FIRE VICTIM?

First lead in the case came when the body was identified as that of John Smith, an Iowa manufacturer and one-time Farmer-Labor candidate for governor.

sible to embalm when it came into his hands. He admitted that he had not examined the body closely and that he had overlooked the stitches under an armpit which would have told him the body already had been embalmed.

The Mutilated Corpse

CLINCHING proof that the body found in the truck was not that of John M. Smith was seen in the discovery that the dead man's teeth did not correspond to a chart made of Smith's mouth by his dentist.

The post-mortem also disclosed that the flames alone had not been responsible for the destruction of the features which had made identification impossible. A sharp knife had been used to hack and mutilate them. The flames had merely concealed from casual eyes the work of the knife.

The shock of discovery that she had buried and mourned a stranger unnerved Mrs. Smith far more than that she had suffered when she believed her husband had met a tragic and violent death. She went under the care of a physician and remained in seclusion for many days.

The hounds of the law now were in full cry after the miss-

CONV^F

Wife of the ill-fated manufacturer, Mrs. Smith played a strange part in the baffling case



Fresh sensations were added to the mystery when John Smith, once legally declared dead, reappeared along an Iowa roadside trussed up in peculiar manner as he is shown in the photograph above.

MRS. JOHN SMITH'S PLEA

John M. Smith
If you have done anything
Come back and face it your
family is all broke down.
we love you come back
Please. your wife & son

Above is the note Mrs. John M. Smith wrote and gave to State Agent Myron Tullar, who is aiding in the investigation of the mysterious disappearance of her husband, and the finding of an embalmed body in his burned truck near Denton Feb. 8.

Smith Myster
hy Dr.

MORROW WARS
MARINES

Suspicion that Smith might have become involved in some conspiracy resulted in his wife's broadcasting this plea in newspapers throughout the middle west.

ing John M. Smith. A warrant charging him with an attempt to defraud the insurance company by substituting a dead body for his own and burning it with his truck was issued. Murder appeared out of the question. The body in the truck had been embalmed, therefore it obviously had been stolen from its grave or—explaining the lack of arms and legs—had been obtained from a medical school.

Where had it come from? Cemeteries, and particularly potters' fields, for 150 miles around were searched for evidences of freshly turned earth that might indicate a despoiled grave. None was found.

Medical schools throughout the state, undertakers and physicians were questioned but none could give a clue to the identity of the dead man.

Taking a leaf from past experiences in similar cases, the authorities found two possible motives why Smith should have desired to make it appear he was dead and permit his wife to collect his insurance.

One was that, for some reason, he wished to lose his identity and start life anew but did not want his deserted wife and son to be left penniless. The other was that he had conspired to defraud the insurance company and that he intended to rejoin Mrs. Smith later in some distant place under a new name.

The first theory did not seem tenable in view of the apparent devotion between husband and wife and their mutual and obvious love for their child. Investigators also failed to find that Smith was leading a double life or was the principal in a triangle, nor did they unearth any other motive just then why he should find it necessary to vanish.

The second theory also seemed weak. Mrs. Smith's grief when the body was found, her collapse during the funeral and all her actions since bore the earmarks of sincerity.

Presently the publicity which attended the case began to bear fruit. It was learned that Smith, the respectable, the supposedly wealthy churchman, had been mulcting those he appointed as agents for his insecticide business. He had evolved a scheme of selling sales rights in certain territories and demanding \$50 from each buyer as a guarantee of good faith. The money was to be returned in ninety days. More than 150 agents had paid him \$50 each; none had received back his payment.

Smith was facing rapidly growing suspicion of fraudulent dealings with these agents. Disgrace and possible imprisonment were in the offing. He could not repay the agents' guarantees. Far from being wealthy, it was learned that he actually was in sore financial straits.

There, at last, was a motive why he should want to disappear.

[Continued on page 62]

EXTRA

Detective Tabloid

**LAST MINUTE
NEWS PHOTOS**

MAY, 1932

Published Monthly by STARTLING DETECTIVE ADVENTURES

"LEGS'" GIRL FRIEND BACK ON STAGE



FOOLING WARDEN David Moneypenny, left, Stanley Montague, right, walked into Chicago jail, changed clothes with his brother, Cornelius, held for kidnaping, and let his brother walk out.



FOUND SLAIN in her Middleburg, Virginia, home, Mrs. Spencer Isley, wealthy society woman, left mystery behind her which is only partly solved by the arrest of a servant accused of her death.



HER GANG SWEETIE DEAD, glamorous "Kiki" Roberts, long known as "Legs Diamond's girl," has returned to the stage where she once reigned as a musical comedy star and immediately began breaking theatre records. The lovely miss was recently questioned by investigators in the hope that she might be able to throw some light on the mysterious shooting of Diamond, the bullet-proof gangster, put on the spot in an Albany rooming house.

COMING "EVENT" SAVES FILM ACTRESS



SURPRISING ROBBERS in her Hollywood apartment, Carmel Myers, notable film star, saved herself from manhandling on the part of the two masked men by pleading that she was about to become a mother. Twenty thousand dollars loss was reported.



ARRESTED AFTER A QUARREL, Lamont Signor, model citizen of Pine Hill, N. J., was found to have fled from an Ohio prison farm in 1916 while serving a larceny sentence.



SLAIN IN A TELEPHONE BOOTH, Vincent Coll, notorious New York gangster, was removed to the morgue by police who had failed only a few weeks before to convict him of the Harlem baby massacre, a gang shooting in which a child was killed. Five persons watched an underworld machine gunner put Coll on the spot.

BATTLE COMMUNISTS WITH TEAR GAS



BREAKING UP STREET MEETINGS held by Communists in defiance of city council orders, police of McKeesport, Pa., drove milling throngs back with clouds of tear gas and quickly surrounded and bore away obstreperous demonstrators as shown in this graphic action picture.



CONFESSING FOUR KILLINGS, Paul Harrison, 27, Carolina hill-billy, told Chicago police he used his mechanic's hammer to beat to death Charles Pagel, Dr. James M. Shaffer, Miss Norma Newby and Earl Davis, obeying an urge to kill.



MYSTERIOUSLY DEAD with an empty narcotic bottle at her side, Miss Elizabeth Cook of a notable Boston family was found on the steamer Chinese Prince near Gibraltar after she had received a strange cablegram bearing the false information that her fiance in America had died.

DAISY DE BOE ON BAIL FROM JAIL



RELEASED ON BAIL, Daisy De Boe, Clara Bow's former secretary, is appealing her conviction of grand theft arising out of her relations with the film star. She has served eight months of her eighteen months sentence in Los Angeles county jail.



THROUGH STEEL AND CONCRETE seventeen inches thick below this hole in the roof of the building, Los Angeles bank robbers bored into the vault of a bank and got away with \$17,000 loot. F. E. Smith shows Officer Ralph Savage how the yeggs must have operated.

FOR KILLING A "MOUNTIE" Albert Johnson, crazed trapper, was chased into his Arctic Circle fastnesses by Canadian Mounted Police. He took refuge in a cabin at the mouth of a cave and stood off his pursuers till airplane bombs, rifles and dynamite overcame him. He took to his grave the secret of a Yukon mine which had kept his pockets bulging with gold.

The Enigma of the HEADLESS BEAUTY

By DETECTIVE CAL CRIM

As Told to LEE ENFIELD

Blood-drenched leaves glinted ominously in the Kentucky sunlight—and at the end of the scarlet spoor lay the body of a headless girl.

Lacking means of identifying the victim, police were balked until a clever detective traced a pair of shoes and solved the nation's greatest mystery.



Brilliant detective work by Cal Crim, author of this gripping tale, cracked the amazing riddle which baffled scores of sleuths.

"MY GOD, what does this mean!"

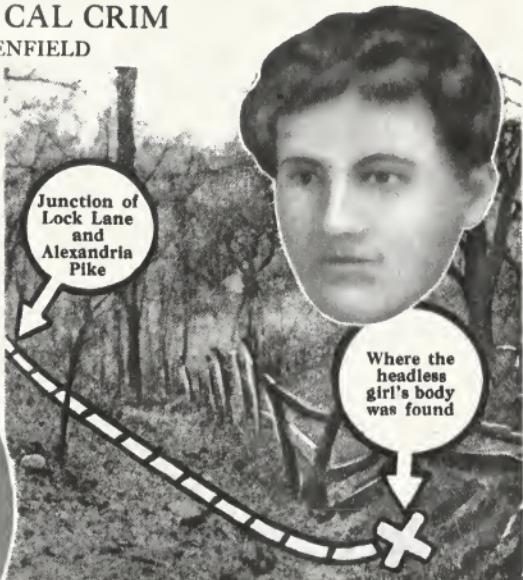
White-faced and trembling, a young man peered out of the apple tree he was engaged in trimming. His saw dropped from his trembling fingers and he had to clutch violently at the limb on which he was sitting to keep from falling.

Sparkling in the early sunlight below were crimson-drenched bushes which lined an old, abandoned road through the farm of Colonel Lock, near Fort Thomas, Kentucky.

He pushed out some of the severed branches to get a better view.

"It's blood—fresh blood!" he exclaimed. "Oceans of it!"

Tumbling out of the tree, the youth tiptoed gingerly over to the abandoned road which fed from the Alexandria turnpike. Beside the reddened bushes, the weeds and grass were matted with blood for some distance. A trail of crimson wound up the lane. Following it for some distance, he stopped agast



LOCK LANE'S HEADLESS HORROR

Sent to trim the branches of a tree which overhung Lock Lane, a farm worker stumbled upon the crimson trail leading to the headless body of the slain girl. Inset is a rare photograph of Pearl Bryan, the victim, identified despite seemingly insuperable odds.

before the form of a woman which evidently had been tossed into a clump of brush beside the lane.

The youth stooped and gazed through the rails, fearful lest he see some familiar, neighborhood face but he could not get a glimpse of the features. He paused, uncertain what to do. Then, curiosity getting the better of his fright, he stepped on one of the rails and looked directly down at the victim. And then he made a gruesome discovery.

The head was missing. It had been cut off as if by an axe of an executioner of the seventeenth century. Whether it was nearby, the young man did not ascertain. Palsied for a moment by the horror of the sight, then endowed with marvelous use of his limbs, he sprinted to the farmhouse and informed Colonel Lock of his find.

The colonel knew the value of permitting trained investigators to be the first at a murder scene. His brother, David Lock, was chief of police at Newport, Kentucky, across the river from Cincinnati.

"Go into town and tell Dave everything you've seen," he snapped. And while the youth lashed his horse along the highway at breakneck speed, Colonel Lock prevailed upon the commanding officer at Fort Thomas to throw a cordon of police around his farm in order that no intruders might approach and disturb any tell-tale footprints or other evidence that might have been left there.



A significant lead sent Cincinnati detectives scurrying to a rooming house on West Ninth street (above) where the infamous slayers of Pearl Bryan were trapped without a struggle.



PEARL BRYAN'S SLAYER

Masking a brain of incredible cruelty behind suave, aristocratic features, this man was revealed as the author of the ghastly death plot. His identity is disclosed in a footnote on page 62.

Famous Assignment

I WAS sitting in the office talking with Colonel Philip Deitsch, superintendent of police, and Chief of Detectives Larry Hazen that morning of February 1, 1896, when a telephone buzz interrupted the conversation.

"Whew," I heard Colonel Deitsch exclaim after he had listened for a few seconds. "You think she may have been killed by soldiers, eh? I'll be only too glad to send over a couple of detectives to help you."

He hung up. "That's Chief Lock, of Newport," he said. "He and the county officers are just leaving for the scene of a frightful murder at Fort Thomas. Girl reported beheaded, evidently to prevent identification. Her body was discovered on the farm of the chief's brother."

"Cal," snapped Colonel Hazen, "that's a job for you and Jack McDermott. Get over there quick and camp on the job until it's finished. It looks like a big case."

I reached the Lock farm ahead of McDermott. I found Sheriff Julius Plummer of Campbell county, W. M. Tingley the coroner, Chief Lock and a couple of deputies were on the spot. Thanks to the military guard and the care with which the authorities had approached, nothing had been disturbed. The girl's body lay just as it had been found. On the embankment where the slayer had stood when he hoisted his ghastly burden over the rail fence, were two small footprints clearly outlined in the earth. Plaster casts were quickly made of these prints. A couple of light colored, celluloid hairpins were

picked up, one of them sticky with blood. But there was not a label on the girl's garments to indicate her identity.

And there was no trace of the head.

We were confronted by a real task. The murderer, or murderers, had gone the limit to conceal their victim's identity. We had first to discover her name and then formulate a reasonable theory for the killing before we could develop any legitimate leads.

Apparently the poor girl's head, if found, would be the opening wedge in the solution of the case. It must be found at all hazards. Every manhole and culvert in Cincinnati and the Kentucky suburbs was searched. The river was dragged without avail. Sheriff Plummer sent word almost immediately after we reached the farm and had Arthur Carter, of Seymour, Indiana, bring his famous pack of bloodhounds to the scene. The dogs picked up the trail again and again but could follow it only to the highway where they invariably lost it. Evidently that was the point where the slayer or slayers had left their vehicle when they took the girl into the lane and did away with her.

As soon as the first examination had been made, however, Coroner Tingley took the body to a Newport mortuary where Dr. Robert Carruthers conducted a post mortem. When he had finished, he came out with a grim look on his face. "Gentlemen," he said, speaking to McDermott, who had mean-



DEATH ACCOMPLICE

Dominated by the superior will of his human companion (left) this youth, son of a wealthy family, was convicted as an accomplice in the Bryan murder. He is named at the end of this story.



Show with the black hoods and the grim ropes used in the hanging of the Bryan slayers, are Jack McDermott (left) and Cal Crim, the sleuths whose peerless work solved the diabolical case.

while arrived, and to me, "I have found two things that may be helpful.

"There was cocaine in her stomach." He paused. "But most significant of all is the fact that she was about to become a mother. *It was a double murder!*"

"Were there any birthmarks or scars on the body which might give a clue to her identity?" I asked.

"None that I observed," he answered. "She did have webbed toes, but that is not uncommon."

And with that meager information, we were forced to be content.

Clue Of A Pair Of Shoes

NEWS of the killing spread like wildfire. The entire nation seemed wrought up by the publicity the crime was receiving in the newspapers. Hundreds of people gathered about the mortuary where the body lay. Messages without number poured into police headquarters from parents of missing girls who feared the murder victim was their daughter.

McDermott and I ran down a number of supposedly hot clues and found they were moonshine. As the hours wore on and no trace of the head was found, we began to grow panicky.

More and more it became evident the slayers had felt confident that identification of the girl would be impossible without first finding her head. If they had not hidden it so well

that it would never be found, they doubtless were miles away from the murder scene and traveling at high speed. There must be some way of determining the girl's name without first locating her head. But how?

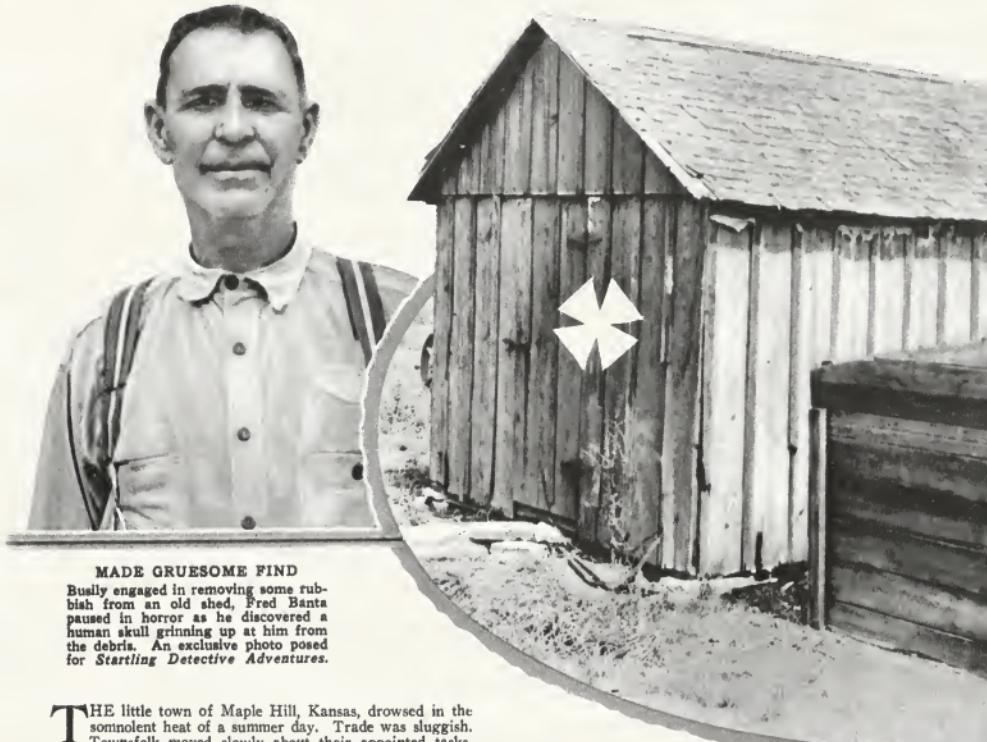
McDermott had not viewed the dead girl's clothing yet and I felt that perhaps another examination would be helpful. While we were looking over her belongings, a thought occurred to me. "May I take these for a short time?" I asked Sheriff Plummer, holding out a pair of black oxfords which the victim had worn. Plummer nodded. Inside the footgear, though stained and faded, were the numbers 22-11-6245R and the size 3-B. The shoes had been made by Drew, Selby & Company, of Portsmouth, Ohio.

I went to a Newport shoe dealer, an acquaintance of mine. Exhibiting the dead girl's shoes and explaining my purpose, I asked him if, in his estimation, Drew, Selby & Company would be able to determine from the stock numbers the dealer to whom they had been sold.

He said there was better than an even chance that the manufacturers would know the dealer who bought the shoes. That the dealer would have a record of the purchaser was doubtful. But in any event if we learned where the shoes were retailed we might ascertain where the dead girl lived, or at least had visited recently. That would be a long step toward possible identification.

An hour later, with Sheriff Plummer's consent, I put the [Continued on page 60]

The SKELETON



MADE GRUESOME FIND

Busily engaged in removing some rubbish from an old shed, Fred Banta paused in horror as he discovered a human skull grinning up at him from the debris. An exclusive photo posed for *Startling Detective Adventures*.

THE little town of Maple Hill, Kansas, drowsed in the somnolent heat of a summer day. Trade was sluggish. Townsfolk moved slowly about their appointed tasks. The very air breathed of homely quiet and rural tranquillity. But there was life and bustling activity in at least one Maple Hill dwelling on that August day in 1919 as a little, old lady prepared to set her new home in order.

All her life the aged woman had pinched and saved, hoarding her money that she might have a home of her own. Now, driven by the pride of possession, she worked cheerfully, occasionally stopping long enough to call instructions to Fred Banta, a teamster whom she had employed to dispose of the trash which littered the yard.

Deep in a corner of a closet her busy hands came into contact with something. She drew it out and held it up to the light. It was a string of beads—an odd string of beads—sea shells entwined by gold-plated wire. She admired the trinket for a moment, then placed it in a pile of odds and ends she had decided to save.

She did not know at the moment that the finding of that string of beads was the most exciting thing that ever had happened to her; that it would put her name in newspapers all over the country; that high officials of her state would seek her out and talk to her.

About the time the aged woman found the string of beads inside the house, the teamster, Banta, working in the shed, made another find.

WHERE FIRST BODY WAS FOUND
Discovery of the bony framework of a man in this dilapidated shed first led officials into an investigation destined to rock the entire state of Kansas.

A Shocking Revelation

DEEP down in a pile of rubbish he had discovered a sack. Thinking that it might contain something of value, he proceeded to investigate its contents.

Banta opened the sack. The next moment he had recoiled in sheer horror. For he found himself staring into the horrible, grinning face of a human skull!

Seizing the ghastly object, he ran down the street, brandishing it wildly in the air and demanding to know from every person he passed where the town marshal could be found.

The gaze of startled onlookers followed him down the street. A pack of running, shouting, questioning citizens, followed at his heels, gaining numbers as the teamster ran block after block holding aloft his horrible find. But there was no explanation from the teamster until he had found the marshal

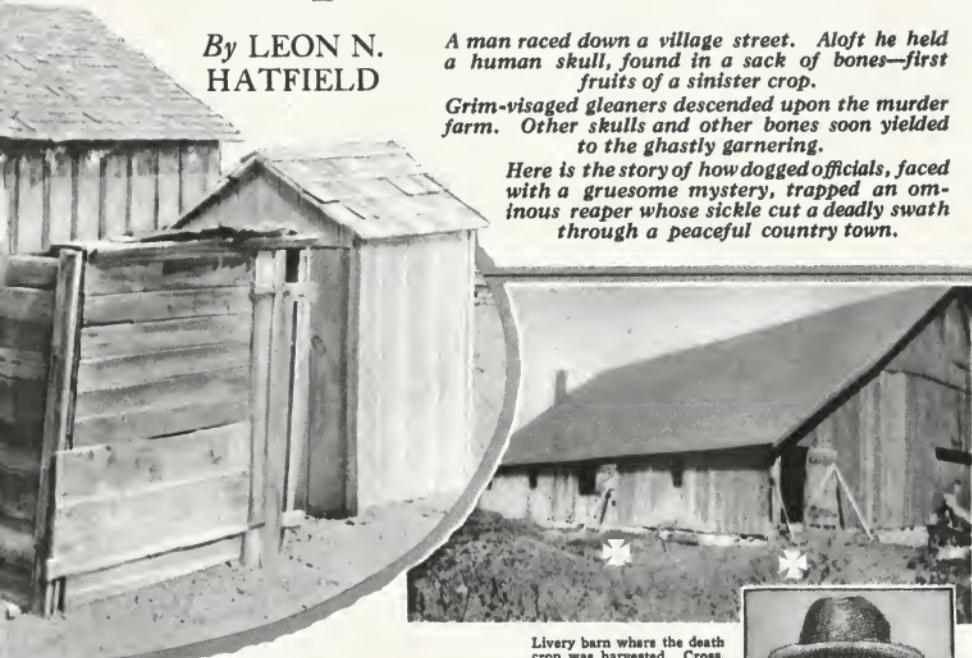
HARVEST of Maple Hill Farm

By LEON N.
HATFIELD

A man raced down a village street. Aloft he held a human skull, found in a sack of bones—first fruits of a sinister crop.

Grim-visaged gleaners descended upon the murder farm. Other skulls and other bones soon yielded to the ghastly garnering.

Here is the story of how dogged officials, faced with a gruesome mystery, trapped an ominous reaper whose sickle cut a deadly swath through a peaceful country town.



and led him back to the gruesome sack. As the marshal poured out the contents of the sack with his nervous hands—he was not accustomed to human skulls in his work in the peaceful little town—another shock greeted the spectators.

The sack had contained the bones of an entire human skeleton!

Authorities were notified at once. The story, carried from tongue to tongue, spread to all sides of the county and beyond its borders.

One of the persons who heard that story was John Gutschall, a farmer living in the country. He hurried to town, looked at the skeleton and asked physicians for details of the body measurements as nearly as they could be determined from the skeleton. The physicians told him the man had been of average height, with a massive jaw, and was obviously young.

"The skeleton," Gutschall announced, "is that of my brother Reuben."

Certainly the identification was on slender evidence, but its effect was electric and the horrible discoveries to which it led caused the entire middle west to shudder.

Reuben Gutschall had last been seen on Christmas day, 1914, five years before. He had left home for the purpose of collect-

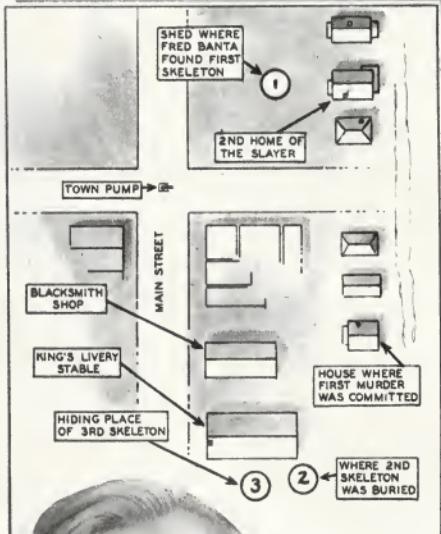
Livery barn where the death crop was harvested. Cross, left, marks Woody's grave; right, where Ringer, the jewelry peddler was found.



Examination of John Woody's skeleton disclosed a clue which doomed the slayer.



A peculiar bit of jewelry and the bones of a dog led to the identification of one of the skeletons as that of W. F. Ringer, an itinerant seller of trinkets.



Down this Maple Hill street ran Fred Banta, brandishing the skull which he had found in a sack of rubbish. The arrow, right, marks the old site of the King livery barn, central point of investigation in the death mystery, where two skeletons were found.

ing \$50 due him from the sale of a team of horses. He was traced to Maple Hill. There he dropped out of sight, and never was seen again.

Maurice McNeill, a special assistant district attorney general for Kansas, was assigned to investigate the case. He arrived in a town boiling over with excitement. Countless stories and theories were poured into his anxious ears.

The Trail Of Missing Men

BUT out of the myriad tales that reached him, only two were judged worthy of investigation by McNeill. And on the theory that even these two tales were so far fetched that they might make him look ridiculous in the public eye if they did not develop, the assistant attorney general decided to make his investigation quietly.

Word came to him that several missing persons had left definite trails as far as Maple Hill. But beyond that point all trace of them had vanished. What was the sinister mystery which seemed to shroud the little town?

One of the local residents recalled that he had been employed, several years before, to haul manure from back of a livery barn near the house where the first skeleton was found. While he was at work a man had approached him and asked him not to dig around the dirt but to "get the good manure from on top."

Would this chance happening of several years past have any bearing on the case? McNeill decided to investigate.

Another Maple Hill man told McNeill he had, several years before, seen fresh earth beside the barn.

"Do you think you can point out that spot to me?" McNeill asked.

"I know I can," was the ready reply.

Working secretly, McNeill obtained a spade and dug at the point indicated. Suddenly he felt the spade strike something! He dug frantically now. Another moment and he had unearthed the rotting remnants of a shoe! And the shoe contained human bones!

Word of the new discovery spread like dust before wind. Scores of men, carrying spades, came on a dead run and soon were excavating the barn yard. And within a few minutes another entire human skeleton had been unearthed!

There was rotted rope around the neck. The skull had been crushed along one side, as though struck by a heavy instrument. A horse blanket had been wrapped around the head. From the teeth and bones it was estimated that the man had been thirty-five or forty years old, short and fairly heavy.

Who was the man? This time there was no brother to step forward to claim the pitiful bones.

The digging continued. Presently a watch fob was found.

STARTLING DETECTIVE

DEATH SCENE
Sketched in graphic detail, this map shows where officials concentrated their efforts to trace the mass killer.

Aroused by the
heinous nature of the
crimes, Richard J.
Hopkins, now a judge
of the Federal Court,
Topeka, Kansas, personally
investigated the sensational case.



SITE OF TRAGEDY

This pile of boards is all that is left of the King livery stable, razed in order to dim memories of the horrible affair, shortly after the bodies of Woody and Ringer had been discovered.

It was made of a small sea shell entwined with gold-plated wire!

The frantic excavating continued. Farmers came from the countryside. Business was at a standstill. Town gossip set in with renewed vigor. Searchers found a rifle barrel buried near the grave in which the second skeleton had been found. But there were no more gruesome discoveries.

McNeill considered the facts at his disposal. The clues, such as they were, offered little in the way of identification. Then again something out of the gossip reached McNeill's ears and attracted his attention. Some years before, the old timers said, a peddler used to come through the town who sold novelty jewelry made from sea shells. He had not been seen for several years. Nobody knew his name, but some recalled that his family had been seeking him years before and had traced him as far as Maple Hill.

Perhaps, McNeill considered, this skeleton might be that of the peddler. But at the moment there was nothing to make it positive. The wearer of the jewelry might well have been one of the man's customers. But McNeill kept the peddler in the back of his mind as the digging continued.

Fresh Horrors

THE finding of the second skeleton sent the digging ahead with renewed vigor. For ten days dozens of men dug up every inch of the barn yard. Discouraged, the diggers were about to quit when about 4 o'clock on the afternoon of August 17, another skeleton was found!

When the grinning horror with its shock of heavy black hair and two prominent gold teeth was tossed onto a heap of dirt, one of the digging crew dropped his spade and ran to the pile of bones. He fell to his knees and examined it a moment.

Then, turning a sober face to the others, he announced: "This is my son."

Dawson Woody had found the answer to the disappearance of his son, John, a mystery then ten years old.

Young Woody evidently had been slain in his sleep, for he was clothed only in the rotted fragments of what appeared once to have been a nightshirt. The body had been buried face down, barely out of sight in the shallow grave.

Woody's remains were found about thirty feet east of where the second skeleton had been found and at the exact spot where one of the local men, years before, had been warned not to scratch the ground!

In February, 1909, Woody had dinner at his father's home at Paxico, Kansas, a small town a few miles from Maple Hill. After dinner he left home and apparently vanished.

The task now confronting McNeill was to effect a positive identification of the skeletons. Dental charts made Woody's



THE SLAYER OF MAPLE HILL

Tracked down by painstaking detectives, this grim-faced man was arrested as the mass slayer. What motives prompted his fearful deeds?

identification positive but there were no distinguishing characteristics in the set of bones originally found in the rubbish sack.

The second skeleton offered a possibility. Could the family of the peddler be found? It was merely a chance that the body would be that of the peddler, but it was the only chance in sight.

Then town gossip again turned the direction of the investigation. Word reached the ears of the officials of the beads that the aged woman had found in her new house at the time that Banta, the teamster, made his shocking discovery.

McNeill sought out the woman. He was shown the jewelry she had found in the corner of the closet. It was identical with the watchfob found beside the second skeleton. He asked to see everything else she had found in the house.

Bit by bit he sorted over the trash. The only thing of interest he found was a deed for two town lots in Wisner, Nebraska, giving title to William F. Ringer.

[Continued on page 58]

Stalking ONTARIO'S



FRENCH RIVER—
OBJECTIVE ON
FLIGHT TO
WILDERNESS

North Bay stood aghast when Leo Rogers, a man-killing desperado, vowed that no jail could ever hold him, kept an entire courtroom at bay with a dummy pistol and escaped into the wilderness to spread a reign of terror.

Then officers took the killer's trail, only to die under the flaming muzzles of his deadly guns.

Here is the gripping, official story of the chase that followed and the crimson climax which capped the great north woods manhunt.

LONE WOLF'S LAST STAND

Trapped by the vengeful cordon spread by his pursuers, the Lone Wolf made a desperate stand on the lonely shores of Lake Nipissing and engaged in a savage rifle duel as the possemen slowly closed in upon his wilderness lair.

LIKE a wolf of the north country where he had lived the fourteen little years of his life, the boy Leo Rogers, drew back his lips in a snarl.

"I'll get you for this, Lefebvre," he shrilled. "I'll get him, too." He jerked his head toward Magistrate Weegar. "Wouldn't you like to know where my guns are? Find them if you can. I've got plenty of them. And I'll get you both, so help me, God!"

As gently as he could, Detective Fred Lefebvre dragged the maddened youth out of Magistrate Weegar's court at North Bay, Ontario, dragged him away to begin the seven-year sentence in Kingston penitentiary that had been passed upon him at the age of fourteen.

It was no light task to handle Leo Rogers even then, though Fred Lefebvre was a typical French-Canadian woodsmen, powerful, active, brave and resourceful. For Leo Rogers at fourteen stood five feet, nine and one-half inches tall, weighed 175 pounds and for some time had earned his \$85 a month as railroad fireman.

"I'll get you for this," he snarled over and over till Lefebvre had seen him to his cell at Kingston and Lefebvre had reason to take the threat seriously for even then this boy had a criminal record that marked him as dangerous.

A youth with the spirit of the wilderness in him—a roamer, a hunter, a deadly shot, one who liked to kindle camp fires

LONE WOLF *Killer*

By JOHN NORTHMAN



Sketched in graphic detail is this map of the North Bay country, hunting ground of the Lone Wolf. But relentless manhunters drew his fangs when they brought him to bay in the circled area shown above.



An exclusive picture of Leo Rogers. Notice the piercing eyes whose gaze meant death to beast or human when sighted along a gleaming rifle barrel.

and live in caves and prove his marksmanship on living things, strong as a Spartan, cunning as a fox, swift as a deer, stealthy and tireless as a panther—that was the Leo Rogers whom the police magistrate had sentenced to seven years' imprisonment.

He had practised shooting at farm animals in the fields. From the tops of moving freight trains he could "pick" birds off telegraph poles or out of the air at unbelievable distances. And nature had provided him with an ideal terrain; for North Bay, his home city, lay within the margin of a wild and rugged country—a region of rocks and rivers, swampy flats and second growth timber, where one desperate man, wise in woodcraft and skilled with a rifle, might indefinitely elude and defy the pursuit of many.

There is another and earlier picture which sets this into relief. Leo Rogers, as a child and school-boy, seemed destined for championships in sports and athletics. Born in England in 1902, and brought to Canada at an early age, he lived for three years with his parents on a farm at Englehart. There he developed his fondness for the wide open spaces. Three years later the family removed to North Bay where the father, a carpenter by trade, secured employment with the T. & N. O. Railway. Leo entered St. Joseph's Separate School and progressed rapidly to the Fourth Form. His ambition was to be a locomotive engineer. Teachers described him as bright but

dour, a leader among adventurous boys. Then or afterwards he was never known to smile.

He had left school to become a railroad fireman. Then he quit work, went to Toronto and enlisted for overseas service. His mother secured his release. Once more in North Bay, he plunged suddenly into lawlessness as a swimmer plunges into water. From that moment until its bitter ending, his life was a tense and tragic drama, event succeeding event and crisis leading to climax, with almost stage-craft precision.

A Boyhood Of Crime

LEO ROGERS loved guns; he loved them as other boys love their pets. He thrilled at the "feel" of firearms in his hands. To obtain guns he climbed one night to the skylight on Richardson's hardware store, broke through, and stole all the rifles, revolvers and ammunition he could carry away.

That was his first known crime.

He broke into the Cochrane Hardware, North Bay, and stole more guns.

He shot and killed two farmer's cows.

He stole a horse and rode it bare-backed through the city.

He threw a log across a roadway with intent to stop and rob the paymaster of the Milne Lumber Company who passed



Scouring the wilds for the killer, members of Canada's famous "mounties" fell before his deadly aim. Chief Robert Morely (standing at left) faced Rogers and lived; but Sergeant John Urquhart (standing right) was slain by the ruthless desperado.

←

DEATH TRAP

Swearing to "get" Detective Fred Lefebvre, his Nemesis, Rogers tricked his victim into a visit to this deserted shack on Mosquito creek and shot him from ambush as shown in the photo diagram.

that way in an auto. The obstruction was discovered and the holdup frustrated.

For these transgressions he was arrested by Detective Fred Lefebvre, of the city police. After his arrest he admitted having planned to rob the North Bay Post Office and C. P. R. depot.

He was arraigned before Police Magistrate Weegar, and remained in custody. Pending trial he was lodged with an Indian in a cell at the district jail and court house. He broke the window in his cell and escaped.

Once more Detective Lefebvre went on his trail. And no officer within many miles was more likely than he to succeed. Formerly a railway constable and a member of the Provincial Police, Fred Lefebvre was known and feared by criminals over a vast area of the North Country. He always "got his man."

On this occasion he overtook his quarry at Sudbury, seven-to-two miles distant. Rogers drew a knife and attacked him viciously. By sheer strength and quickness the detective disarmed and handcuffed his adversary.

Thereafter Leo Rogers hated Fred Lefebvre with a hatred passing human articulation. He claimed that he was being "hounded." He was taken back to North Bay for immediate trial. One more charge was added to the six already against him—a charge of escaping from lawful custody. He was sentenced to seven consecutive years in penitentiary—one year on each charge.

At once a howl of public indignation arose. People said—and some still say—it was not good or human or just that one so young, a mere foolish boy, should be committed for so many years into the society of hardened criminals. Rogers himself protested that he was being "railroaded." But Magistrate Weegar stuck by his decision. He held that Rogers,

despite his youth, was a dangerous criminal; that, for the protection of society, he must be put away until he outgrew or repented his criminal tendencies.

It was common talk that Rogers had two secret caches of arms in the woods, not two miles from his home. One cache was afterwards discovered by the police. It was a small, wedge-shaped structure, built of poles and evergreen boughs, so cleverly located and camouflaged that only an expert woodsman would notice it—if he were passing that way. Here the bandit had stored both guns and food.

"No prison," he had declared, "will ever hold me."

A Violent Prisoner

DURING his first two years in the penitentiary, Rogers was silent and moody, as if mourning his lost freedom, but he was a good worker and well behaved. On March 25 of his third year, he made a savage and unexpected attack on Guard Berrigan. For that he was severely disciplined—six months' solitary confinement. He seemed stunned into submission.

Then suddenly, on December 31, 1920, his pent up passion burst its bounds.

At that time ugly rumors were afloat about collusion between guards and convicts in the penitentiary. Inspector Walter Duncan, a veteran officer of the Dominion police, was ordered down from Ottawa to investigate. Rogers sent word that he would give information about plans of "lifers" to escape. Duncan agreed to meet him alone in what was termed the vault—a special, stone-walled room with a table down the center of it and a safe in one corner, where files and documents were kept.

STARTLING DETECTIVE



LONE WOLF'S AMBUSH

Luring police to this spot, known as McLaren's garage, the killer hid in the trees at the right and riddled their car with a deadly fusillade.

DARING ESCAPE

"No jail can hold me!" boasted Rogers. And he made good his threat when, armed with a dummy gun, he cowed onlookers in the North Bay courthouse, right, and made his escape into the depths of the wilderness.



Rogers came in and laid his cap and a pair of long woolen mittens on the table.

"Here," he said, handing the Inspector a piece of paper, "is one of the letters that the prisoners wanted to get out. If you look closely you will see traces of the invisible ink."

Unsuspectingly Duncan complied. In that instant Rogers picked up one of his mitts—it contained a chunk of lead broken from the plumbing in his cell—and struck the inspector a terrible blow on the head. Dazed and almost blinded, Duncan grappled with the assailant. There was a long, grim struggle in which the agile prisoner almost overmatched his more muscular opponent. The table was overturned; the heavy safe was shifted from its position.

Warden Knox, waiting outside, heard the sounds of combat. As quickly as he could open the iron door, he rushed in. Duncan by that time had obtained a jiu-jitsu hold and gained a partial advantage. The warden seized Rogers by the throat and choked him into insensibility. All three were covered with blood from the wound in Duncan's head.

On a resultant charge of attempted murder, Rogers was tried, found guilty, and was sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment. Automatically he forfeited all good conduct allowances on his original sentence.

Certain officials had begun seriously to question his sanity. Several times, at their request, he was examined by an alienist. Each time he was pronounced sane. Finally it was suggested that he was feigning insanity to secure his freedom.

Dr. C. K. Clarke, mental specialist in the employ of the Ontario legislature, held a different view. "Rogers is insane to a dangerous degree," he declared in 1921. "He will commit some deed of violence sooner or later if he is released."

Meanwhile, *vox populi* had been working overtime on the

prisoner's behalf. Responding to persistent demands, the North Bay council, in 1922—the sixth year of Rogers' incarceration—passed a resolution asking for his release. The minister of justice reviewed the case. Rogers was released at Christmas.

A Daring Escape

IT WAS a strangely altered Leo Rogers who rejoined his parents and sisters around the home table that year. He was pale and haggard looking, inhibitive and melancholy.

Occasionally, in the next two months, he attended divine service. Occasionally, too, he went down town to buy magazines. Otherwise he was pretty much a recluse. He became ill, and for several weeks was confined to bed.

One of the conditions of his parole was that he report once every month to the chief of police. Reluctantly he reported two or three times. On April 1, his father gave him \$40, and he went to Toronto to become a book agent or magazine canvasser. While there he had rooms for a short time over a second-hand store on York street.

On April 13, a young, unmasked gunman—one with thin, cruel lips and cold glistening eyes—held up a lone clerk in the Lion Sporting Goods store, Yonge street, grabbed several revolvers and fled in a taxi. Twenty minutes later, while the police were concentrated at the scene of the first holdup, he walked casually into another store, locked three people into a rear room, and stole more guns. One woman escaped through a back door and ran screaming up York street, close behind him. The bandit leaped into the waiting taxi which had brought him there, compelled the driver to speed away and

[Continued on page 47]



THE CHIEF'S CHAIR



AS AN old time copper, who faced again and again the weak-kneed shilly-shallying of the courts in open and shut cases, I can't help giving three cheers for Judge Howard M. Findley of Seattle, who recently threw the life sentence out of the window when he dealt with Everett Frank Lindsay, wife murderer.

Readers of STARTLING DETECTIVE ADVENTURES, who helped capture Lindsay, were probably astounded at the fact that Lindsay was accused only of second degree murder after his wife's body had been found buried under a rubbish heap and after the killer himself, with his record of bigamy, army desertion, attacks on minor girls and the like, had successfully eluded capture for many months.

But the laws of Washington, as in most other states, require evidence of premeditation to convict on first degree charges.

Second degree murder usually carries a maximum sentence of life imprisonment but, (and here's where the shoe pinches) in Washington, a lifer can be paroled in ten years or so.

Judge Findley looked the situation over and quickly made his decision.

"Not less than sixty nor more than seventy-five years in Walla Walla penitentiary," he said.

And did the defense howl? "Cruel and unusual," it cried and it's appealing the sentence—not the conviction.

"How come?" a reader wants to know. And why do I cheer the judge, most of the rest of you will want to know.

Figure it out for yourself. In this case sixty years is a stiffer sentence than life. Lindsay can't get out in ten years now. He's got to serve till he's 104 at least. By that time he won't be worrying about parole.

A Copper's West Point

SOME day this country is going to learn that police business is vital. Some day it is going to put the police officer on a par with the army officer and respect police brains as it now respects police guts.

When I went on the force as a rookie cop, I happened to have some education. The old type strong-arm "bull" of that day sneered at book learning, but what I got out of books saved my job for any number of times and didn't do me any harm when I got behind a desk.

Today there are few harness bulls on the force that haven't as much schooling

as I had and the illiterate reports of the old days are a thing of the past.

Now the police school is coming in. Men are getting real training. And Northwestern University, among others, is putting police training in a class with the training of the lawyer, the doctor or the journalist.

Long ago the army learned that its officers had to be educated. West Point and Annapolis are the stiffest schools in the country and account for the standing of army and navy officers.

A police West Point would do more for this country than almost any other agency to give the people confidence in their police officers and with the best of the old time chiefs represented on the faculty it would soon get surprising results.



The Hall of Heroes

For unswerving devotion to duty and exemplary courage in battle against hopeless odds

Startling Detective Adventures
hereby cites

SHERIFF C. ROY KELLY
of Howell county, Missouri.

Coming upon three armed bandits in West Plains, Mo., Sheriff Kelly fought to the death, wounding one of the men to such an extent that he was captured after the sheriff had laid down his life.

Murder In Paradise

RACIAL antagonism has long been a major problem of police officials. Courts of justice face their gravest tests when polyglot peoples are brought under one jurisdiction.

But seldom if ever before have the peaceful islands of Hawaii been named in news dispatches on this account.

Suddenly from this Paradise of the Pacific has come a tale of ravishment, violence and conspiracy of death that focuses all eyes on the Fortescue-Massie case.

You will find in this issue the real "inside" of this tragic story.

I had to reach thousands of miles across this continent and the Pacific ocean for the intimate facts in this case and am proud to present them in STARTLING DETECTIVE ADVENTURES in the language of one of the few men authorized and competent to discuss its varied elements.

This is the case that has caused a virtual earthquake in Hawaii which has had its repercussions in our national capital and in nearly every country where men of Caucasian race stand ready to battle for the safety and sanctity of their women.

Twilight Of The Gangs

GANGS are still operating, but have you noticed lately that there isn't much said about them in the newspapers?

With the passing of "Legs" Diamond and Vincent Coll in New York, there is hardly a top notch gang leader left who is in a position to do any great harm.

Owney Madden is still alive but he is having his own troubles at this writing trying to keep out of Sing Sing. And who, anyway, outside of New York knows Owney Madden?

"Two Gun" Louie Alterie, who took it on the lam out of Chicago when things got hot there, is back in the limelight having stooped apparently to gangland's lowest possible resort, the kidnaping racket.

"Dutch" Schultz is still riding high but he's singing small and probably tried to curry favor with the powers that be by putting Vincent Coll on the spot.

Capone is all but forgotten. And how many other big shots can you name that still amount to anything?

The Chief

Stalking Ontario's Lone Wolf Killer

[Continued from page 45]

buy him a suit case, then jumped out at Dundas and Sherbourne streets and was lost in the crowd.

That bandit was Leo Rogers; his identity was established later when the stolen guns were found at North Bay.

Within a few days he entered the office of Chief of Police Robert Moreby, to report. The chief was at his desk writing; he did not turn around at first. Detective Lefebvre sat in one corner of the room, watching closely. He casually mentioned a robbery that had been committed recently. Rogers turned pale; his hands dropped to his hips. Lefebvre leaped, pinioned his arms and, with the chief's assistance, searched him. There were two loaded revolvers in his pocket—two of the stolen Toronto guns.

Rogers had called to fulfill his threat. Undoubtedly, but for Lefebvre's quick action, he would have shot both chief and detective.

It was decided that he should be tried by a judge. Once more he was held at the district jail. Several weeks elapsed before his case could be heard. Finally, at noon on May 17, he was brought up in charge of Jailer Joseph Burke to stand trial.

As he walked slowly forward through the crowded court room, toward the dais of justice, he suddenly made a wild leap, drew what appeared to be a black revolver from his pocket, and, threatening death to anyone who opposed him, bounded toward the door. Two plumbers, on their way to work, were passing in an auto. Rogers sprang into the car and pointed his "gun" at the driver's head.

"Drive!" he said.

At Front and Cassels streets he dropped the "gun," jumped out and disappeared.

That "gun" was a "dummy" cunningly shaped and painted. Rogers—perhaps not without outside assistance—had made it from brown paper and scraps of wood found in his cell.

The Gun Trap

"*NO PRISON* will ever hold me," he had warned.

And Rogers seemed bent on making the statement good.

At nine o'clock that night a tall, swarthy, well dressed young man, wearing a blue suit and green fedora hat, entered Hugh Ferguson's grocery store, Kennedy Road, at the outskirts of North Bay, bought some cigarettes and asked permission to use the telephone. He called the police station.

Chief Moreby himself received the call.

"You are looking for this man, Rogers," came the voice over the wires. "Well, he is down here now. If you will come to the Three Roads, below the post office, you will find him behind McLaren's garage. I was talking to him ten minutes ago. He is wearing a blue suit and a green fedora hat."

He was Leo Rogers in person.

Within three minutes came the roar of a police car containing Chief Moreby, Detective Lefebvre, Constables Robb and McGovern, and Jailer Burke. As the headlights of their auto flashed on the garage, a hail of bullets struck them

from the woods on their right. Rogers was firing from ambush.

The car was riddled, but its occupants miraculously escaped unhit. They tumbled out, fell flat and returned the fire. Rogers broke and ran. Chief Moreby detailed Robb and McGovern to make a detour and head him off; he, Lefebvre and Burke advanced through the woods, firing at the fleeing shadow.

Hugging a stretch of elevated ground, Rogers, from his cover, sighted Robb and McGovern below him. His rifle blazed again. McGovern fell, shot through the thigh.

For three months afterwards McGovern lay in bed, slowly recovering.

Early in the morning of May 18, two of the deputies, Bill Doyle and Frank Marshall, sighted Rogers walking among the trees near the scene of the previous night's battle. Doyle had gone to school with him; he did not believe Leo would shoot; he called out a greeting. Rogers replied with a burst of shots. Both boys flopped and fired back.

When word of that encounter reached police headquarters, Detective Lefebvre sped to the scene in an auto driven by George McDonald whose store Rogers had burglarized. At Mosquito Creek, a small stream flowing into Lake Nipissing, he saw Rogers through a fringe of forest, walking along the lake shore some eighty yards westward.

Lefebvre stole up behind a shack, ad-

justed his rifle sights, and stepped a pace or two into the open to shoot it out. He expected to get the drop on his quarry. Rogers, with his own rifle at the ready, saw him at the same instant. Both men fired simultaneously. Lefebvre fell, shot through the breast.

Pursued By An Army

AFTER the killing of Lefebvre, Rogers fled southward with a posse of police and deputies close at his heels. "A whole army after one man!" sneered cynical citizens. True. But that "army" when spread over the territory which it had to police, was equivalent to only one man for every fifty square miles!

Magistrate Weegar was urged for his own safety to leave town temporarily. He refused to go. He even declined a police guard around his house; but the police kept close watch on it day and night.

The Wrath Of North Bay

DURING the next ten days fake clues and false rumors kept the police madly speeding here and there.

Among the provincial officers then in North Bay, Sergeant John Urquhart, of Cobalt, was an outstanding figure. He was an ex-Imperial Army man, of magnificent physique, devoted to duty, absolutely fearless; a man of fine human qualities.

USE GRAPHO-ANALYSIS



*Another Police Chief
says:*

"I want to thank you a thousand times for past favors. If I can ever serve you command me. Grapho-Analysis is exceedingly important in identification work, and a young man who wants to do anything of this character should study it."

H. W. Beusse"

Chief Beusse has headed the police department at Athens, Georgia, for sixteen years. He has used grapho-analysis—he has consulted Mr. Bunker, handwriting analyst for *Startling Detective Adventures*, and knows what he is talking about.

YOU MAY PROVE FOR YOURSELF

just what there is to Grapho-Analysis by writing a letter. Enclose a stamped and addressed envelope for reply, and send your letter to Mr. M. N. Bunker, Grapho-Analyst, *Startling Detective Adventures*, 529 South Seventh St., Minneapolis, Minn.

Be sure your return envelope bears full U. S. postage for reply. Otherwise enclose five cents in coin.

About three o'clock on the morning of May 30, when patrolling the streets, he saw a stealthy figure enter the Rogers home. Hastily summoning four constables, Andrews, Crowe, Delves and Simpson—all the men immediately available—he led them to the house. Silently they surrounded it, keeping under cover as much as possible. To cross the yard or lawn openly might mean instant death to any of them.

"Well, one of us has got to get it," said the sergeant.

With two of his men close behind him, he walked boldly up to the door and knocked.

"Who's there?" shouted a voice inside—the voice of Leo Rogers.

"The police! Open the door."

Two rifle bullets crashed through the door glass, and Urquhart fell dead, shot through the heart.

Enraged, the police rushed the house. One exit remained unguarded—a window on the darkened side of the house. Through that window Rogers leaped, bareheaded. Under a fusillade of shots he sprinted down a pathway and vanished in the shadows.

After killing Sergeant Urquhart, Rogers ran through the main section of the city. He broke into a garage and tried vainly to start a car. He broke into a store to obtain supplies. Disturbed at his burglary before anything could be taken, he continued his flight to the waterfront. At three o'clock in the morning he was recognized and accosted by a C. N. R. gatekeeper. Shots were exchanged, and Rogers sped on.

He stole a motor launch belonging to Mayor Ferguson and a canoe belonging to Judge Leask. Driving the launch and towing the canoe, he crossed the lake to a point near Nipissing village.

Shortly after sunrise, May 30, a stranger stopped at a farmhouse near Lake Nipissing. The household was still asleep. Awakened by the angry barking of his dog, the farmer dressed and went outside, followed by his brother.

Immediately, they suspected the identity of their visitor; but they gave no sign of recognition. Rogers was standing with a rifle in his hand, keeping one eye on the dog and the other on some washing on the line. He asked for a drink of water.

After a few casual remarks about the washing, Rogers turned away toward the lake, pausing and looking back at intervals as if afraid of treachery.

At once the brothers decided that the police must be notified. But how? Roads in that section of country were rough and little travelled; autos scarce; rural telephones almost unknown. One of them finally declared that he would walk to the nearest telephone, which was at Callander, eight miles distant. Helped part way by a lift in a neighbor's buggy, he completed his journey in about an hour. By that historic walk he earned for himself and his brother \$1,000 of government money.

"That was Rogers he saw," the police declared.

They instructed him to await their arrival. By telephone and courier they called in their far flung forces. Fast as powerful autos could take them, they sped to Callander.

It was decided that Inspector Moore should return to North Bay and arrange for use of a lumber company's tug, an iron sheathed vessel, in which a body of men might attack or pursue across the lake. But this boat was not obtainable in time to be of any service. As an alternative, two constables, Andrews and Watson, were sent out in a small gasoline launch from Nipissing village, under orders to scout around, watch for Rogers along the shore, and, if he were sighted, to return at once and report to Inspector Stringer.

The Hunt Draws In

MOVING from Callander to Nipissing, the police established field headquarters in a store and divided into three groups. One group, consisting of

Inspector Storie, J. W. McNally, a deputy, and a taxi driver, set off through the woods and made its way along a narrow, wooded strip of land, a sharp pointed cape, on the east side of the bay where Rogers was believed to be. Another group, under command of Inspectors Stringer and Ward, advanced in extended order northward toward the lake. A third and larger group, in charge of Inspector Hammond, detoured to the west from that point and moved eastward.

At mid-afternoon, Rogers was sighted and recognized through field glasses. "There he is!" The word went round in breathless tones.

Silently, stealthily, sometimes crawling like Indians, the police came on. Soon they could see their quarry with naked eyes, standing beside a piece of driftwood at the water's edge, washing some garments. Three times Inspector Hammond, who knew him intimately, raised his rifle to fire. Three times he lowered it again—waiting to get just a little closer—waiting to make sure beyond all doubt that this was indeed the man-killer of North Bay.

At that moment the police launch rounded an island. Its occupants saw Rogers. He saw them, too. His keen eyes discerned the police uniforms. He picked up his rifle. The two officers, inflamed by the sight of their enemy, forgot all orders, all discretion, and headed directly toward him.

From Inspector Storie's party on the point of land came a solitary shot. It struck the sand at the bandit's feet. He leaped, looked around like a frightened animal, dropped his rifle, and dashed toward some trees ten yards inshore.

Inspector Hammond fired. Inspector Storie and Deputy McNally fired. Ten more rifles blazed in unison, spraying the sand with lead and steel. Over a big log at the edge of the woods, Rogers toppled motionless. And there they found him dead.

The manhunt of North Bay had ended.

The Clue of the Bronze Slipper

[Continued from page 25]

In an automobile which he had purchased some time before he had gone out on the Gull Harbor Road to call on his sweetheart, according to the information left with the landlady.

In Burnett's room I found a length of rope corresponding to the piece taken from the grave of his wife.

In a trunk we found a letter, purporting to have come from his wife, saying that she had left him for good and would not bother him anymore.

"You can get a divorce now," he said. The letter was postmarked Tacoma.

Prosecuting Attorney Thomas L. O'Leary, Mayor-Coroner Mills and I hastened out to Gull Harbor to take Burnett into custody. We waited in the lane and we soon heard Burnett's car leaving the house of his sweetheart.

As the car approached the spot where we were standing, we caught the sound of a man's voice humming a popular refrain. It was hardly the attitude of a

worried man—one whose murdered wife and children had been recently found. But of course he had no knowledge that the bodies had been identified. I wondered if it were possible that a mistake had been made in the identity of the three murdered people. After all there were many hats like those we had found.

When we stepped into the road and halted the car I threw a flashlight full onto the driver's face. It was Norman Burnett, the man who had reported the loss of the diamonds.

"What's this?" he queried, in evident surprise, holding up?

"Hardly," answered Mayor Mills, "you ought to know the Chief here, and I think you know me."

"Yes, I know you," Burnett acknowledged, "but what do you want with me?"

"Drive down to the police station," I ordered. "I want to talk to you."

Outwardly Burnett was as calm as

any member of our party—probably more so. Either he knew nothing about the murder or he felt he had a perfect defense. Of course he then had no idea of what constituted our evidence. He knew only what he had read in the newspapers.

Drawing the office blinds to the bottom of the window sill, I sat down and waited for Norman Burnett to speak. An hour passed, during which he never asked a single question, or showed the least evidence of being nervous. When it became apparent that he would not speak of his own accord, I started to question the man in a kindly sort of way.

"Norman," I began, "where are your wife and children?"

"Honest, Chief," he answered, "I haven't the least idea. We didn't get along very well, so we divided the diamonds, she took what money I had, and the two kids, and pulled out."

"When was that?" I queried.

"Oh, some time in the spring," he replied.

"Where were you when she left?" I wanted to know.

"We started out for a picnic," Burnett said, "but she got sore, and when we got to Hawkes prairie, she said she was going home to get her things and leave me. I went on toward Hogum Bay and left her and the kids on the prairie. That's the last time I saw them."

I went over to the closer in the station, took out the hat which the neighbors had identified as belonging to Mrs. Burnett, and approached Norman with it. He showed no signs of recognition.

"The neighbors say this belonged to your wife. We found it beside the body out on Hawkes prairie," I stated without even raising my voice.

"That hat never belonged to my wife," Burnett answered emphatically, even sarcastically, "why she wouldn't have worn a thing like that; not her."

Seemingly his first line of defense was going to be a lack of identification. Just the hat—that was all he had. Suppose he was lying; how many of you husbands who read this story can tell right now how your wife's last year's hat was trimmed?

Then I showed him the boys' hats. He admitted they looked like some of his boys had owned. That was a safe admission; husbands like them had been sold in Olympia.

"But I cannot believe my boys have been killed," he said and sadly shook his head. "She went off and left me like this once before. I don't know where she is but you will find her somewhere."

Extraordinary Admission

"WELL," I concluded, "I'll have to detain you for investigation. Oh, by the way, what were you doing out at Gull Harbor?"

"I went out there to call on a young lady," Burnett replied. "She is a fine girl and we are going to be married just as soon as I get my divorce."

If Burnett was lying he certainly was a cool customer, for he had filed suit for divorce several months previous to his detention, charging desertion!

Unable to break down Burnett in any way, Prosecutor O'Leary filed a charge of first degree murder against him, and he was brought to trial in the Thurston county superior court at the April term of 1919. Judge John M. Wilson presided.

During the time that Burnett remained in jail awaiting trial his cheerful attitude earned for him the sobriquet, "The Singing Murderer," for he sang and hummed the days away, but refused to talk about his wife and children. There was no trace of anxiety for the future, and the same careless, good nature characterized the fellow's demeanor when the trial started.

All through Prosecutor O'Leary's opening statement, when he reconstructed the theory of the crime, and set out what the evidence would show, including the disposal of the wife's diamonds, the purchase of an automobile with the proceeds thereof, the fervent wooing of the young school mistress, the stealthy visits to Hawkes prairie to see if the graves had been disturbed, Norman Burnett remained unmoved, even cheerful.

"He shot his wife with a shotgun," O'Leary exclaimed. "We have found the man to whom he traded the gun. We will show it to you. And then in fear that his children would tell, he beat his own flesh and blood to death. Then he buried them with a spade which he had borrowed for that purpose some days before.

"After they were dead he applied for a divorce. He had to show that he had been deserted. He told the attorney that he had a note which his wife had left him when she went away. But he never produced that note. In Burnett's trunk Chief Cusack found a note which will be an exhibit in this trial. It is a palpable forgery, intended to hide his evil deeds. He lost his nerve and was afraid to use it—but he never destroyed it.

"It was a cold-blooded, premeditated, dastardly murder, and the perpetrator of the deed deserves to die," cried O'Leary.

As witness after witness went upon the stand, Defense Attorney George Yantis listened intently. He told me afterwards that it was not until the evidence had been fully presented that he himself realized that Burnett had really killed his family. It was for that reason that he shook his head and said "No questions," as witness after witness was turned over to him.

During a court recess Attorney Yantis conferred long and earnestly with his client. And when the court reconvened Yantis arose and admitted every contention of the prosecution with the exception of the premeditation. The defense attorney took the prosecution by surprise. We were not prepared for such a course. What was coming?

It had been generally conceded that Burnett would not take the stand, but Yantis had decided on one bold stroke in an attempt to save the neck of the three-time murderer. He would strive to convince the jury by the one man who knew the whole truth that the murderer was not premeditated.

"Norman Burnett, take the stand," said Attorney Yantis. "Norman, I want you to tell this jury exactly what happened that day on Hawkes prairie when you killed your wife."

Still cool, and without a tremor in his voice, Burnett faced the jury.

"I killed her," he said calmly. "The wife told me the youngest boy was not mine—that I was not his father. I jumped to my feet and grabbed a shotgun which I had taken along thinking I might kill some birds.

"She saw me grab the gun and ran toward the children. I fired at her—I think I fired twice. I saw blood but I do not remember what I did after that until I was wrapping up the newspapers, with the gun in them. Then I came away.

"I didn't plan to kill them. It all happened so quick. I don't think the shots killed the boys."

Maybe Norman Burnett told the truth; maybe he didn't. Why did he take a shovel with him to Hawkes prairie? But, whether he told the truth or not, his story won him a measure of mercy from the jury, who found him guilty of first degree murder and fixed the penalty at life imprisonment, in Walla Walla. He is still there, and the riddle which began with the finding of a bronze slipper in a brush pile is ended.



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Trapping Chicago's Blond Tigress

[Continued from page 6]



THE ROUNDRUP OF THE TIGRESS' GANG

Staging a brilliant coup, Chicago sleuths swooped down upon a North Side hangout and haled three desperate members of the gungirl's mob into court. Above, from left to right, one of the gang's victims, Joseph Meshinski, Carl Ness (Helen's sweetheart), Clarence Swanson, Sergeant Ray Martin (since killed in a kidnap investigation) and Lieutenant Sullivan, who led the raid on the Tigress' lair.

"Give us the rocks, bud," ordered the light complexioned leader of the trio, holding a cloth bag.

"Keep the mitts up or I'll put a lead stickpin through your necktie," the girl snapped.

She leaned on the showcase, resting her purse on the glass. Two men opened the case and scooped up stones, diamond rings and stickpins while the third guarded the door, pistol in hand. A clock struck five, as outside, home-bound crowds hurried to and from street cars.

"Let's go!" the blond man called, and the four robbers ran from the shop.

The jeweler rushed out and yelled for police. The bandits had disappeared. The sidewalk was crowded, and a double line of automobiles was in the street.

Lieutenant John L. Sullivan heard the shopkeeper's report at the Racine avenue police station, and promptly led a squad to the scene.

Sullivan's eyes lighted when he heard the description of the girl.

"We've been looking for that moll," he said. "What did she get?"

The jeweler calculated hastily—\$7,000 worth of diamonds!

The Gungirl's Calling Card

SULLIVAN and Sergeant William McCarthy surveyed the store and asked whether the jeweler had seen any of

the robbers before, whether any had been in the store to "case" it first. Sullivan looked along the showcase for possible fingerprints.

He found, instead, a woman's purse! A powder puff, lipstick, more lipstick, and a small, white card in the purse. Pencillings on it. A number—"Wicker 10987." Sullivan knew that probably meant the Wicker Park telephone exchange.

"Maybe she left her card, her phone number," said Sullivan. "I wish every stickup would do that."

He telephoned and learned the number was for a house on North Sacramento avenue.

The squad car sped through Milwaukee avenue, dodging in and out of traffic, and then into Sacramento avenue, stopping a block north of Fullerton.

Sullivan led his men cautiously along the sidewalk and carefully surveyed the house under suspicion. Sergeants George Griffin, O. F. Parr and Ray Martin were dispatched to cover the rear and side of the place. Sullivan and McCarthy walked softly up the front stairs, their .38's drawn.

They listened, and heard nothing. Sullivan rapped.

The door opened and a blond girl looked out.

"Police officers!" exclaimed Sullivan, pushing the door.

"Get 'im!" the girl commanded, and a

big German police dog sprang out and lunged for Sullivan. The lieutenant dodged and shot. The dog tumbled down the stairs, dead.

The door slammed shut. Sullivan tried to turn the knob, but a shot sounded inside and a bullet splintered the wood a few inches from the lieutenant.

McCarthy sent a bullet through the door. More shots from inside replied, as the two policemen dodged back. They decided on retreat temporarily and a call for reserves.

After telephoning for aid, McCarthy kept vigil at the front door while Sullivan led Martin and Parr in a fusillade against the house from the side. Their shots shattered windows.

The girl's face appeared at another window, and a pistol there spat smoke.

Trapped Gunmen

A SQUAD siver came into the street. Then three more. Uniformed police and plainclothesmen stepped from the cars. Then two more squad cars came past the group of spectators lined along the curb.

Sullivan ran to them and issued orders. Most of the newcomers darted along the side of the house and to the rear. Sullivan sent six men to cover the front door.

The lieutenant called McCarthy. "Keep them all sniping at the house.

Lowdown on the Famous Cudahy Kidnapping Mystery

[Continued from page 27]

THE OMAH.
DAILY NEWS EX.
SECOND EXTRA
PAT CROWE IS FOUND NOT GUILTY
OF KIDNAPPING YOUNG CUDAHY

First Ballot Was 6 to 6 and
Crowe Gained Gradually Until
75th Ballot, When He Se-
cured a Verdict of
Acquittal

Excitement reached fever pitch
when an Omaha paper published
the "extra" above; yet only half the
story had been told. What amazing
revelations were still to come?

police department was not yet equipped
with them. Neither were any other police
departments in the country. The old-fashioned "horse-patrols" were used
—and bicycles.

A couple of officers, on bicycles, were
dispatched to the Cudahy residence. It
was nearly daylight when they reached
the house. They asked many questions.
Cudahy, Sr., thought the boy had been
kidnapped. Mrs. Cudahy was sure of it.
"Any reasons for thinking so?" the
officers asked.

"No," replied the packing magnate, "I
just think so. He never did anything of
this kind before."

The officers came back to the station
and reported. The pinochle game was
over. The newspaper boys thought so
little of that disappearance that they
hadn't telephoned anything on it, but
turned in three or four line items when
they went up to their offices to "sign
off" duty.

Police Chief J. J. Donahue, of the
Omaha force, took a run out to the
Cudahy residence when he came on duty
early the next morning. Chief of De-
tectives Savage and Detective Henry W.
Dunn were sent out to the Cudahy home
a little later.

Just before nine o'clock the Cudahy
telephone rang. Mr. Cudahy answered
in person. It was news of Eddie.

"Have you found a letter in your front
yard?" inquired a voice over the phone.
"No," answered Cudahy.

"Well, you look right close and you'll
find one," came from the other end of
the wire. And the phone was hung up.

Cudahy sent his coachman out to
search among the shrubbery. Henry
Dunn, the detective, sprang to the tele-
phone.

"Central, where did that call come
from?" he inquired.

"From Glynn's livery stable on Leav-
enworth street," answered the girl.

Pat Crowe

SLABAUGH CAN'T
IMAGINE

Because Crowe's Own
Fessons Ought to Ha
Punished L.

Clever reporters found the gang
hangout. Arrow shows prison room.



THE CLUE THAT SOLVED THE CASE

Discovery of this pony, streaked with sweat and showing evidence of hard riding, near a little town not far from Omaha, first gave police a clue to the kidnaper's identity and launched a nation-wide manhunt.

"Give me that number quick," com-
manded Dunn.

Dunn got the boy at Glynn's stable
and was told a stranger riding a small
pony had come in and asked to use the
phone. On finishing his conversation,
the stranger had thanked him, climbed
on his horse and ridden rapidly west on
Leavenworth street. Glynn's stable was
about a quarter of a mile from the Cuda-
hy residence.

In the meantime the coachman, out
in Cudahy's yard, had discovered a letter
tied to a stick. Both Mr. and Mrs.
Cudahy were at the window, watching.
They saw him reach down, pick up the
letter and start for the house. Both
parents met him at the door. Cudahy
opened the envelope and both he and
Mrs. Cudahy started reading.

Mrs. Cudahy read just five words.
Then she fainted.

A Brutal Letter

HERE is what Mr. Cudahy and the
two detectives read in the letter which
was written with a pencil on a
piece of common wrapping paper:

"We have kidnaped your child and
demand \$25,000 for his safe return. If
you give us the money he will be re-
turned as safe and sound as when you
last saw him, but if you refuse we will
put acid in his eyes and blind him. Then
we will immediately kidnap another millionaire's child that we have spotted, and
demand \$100,000 and we will get it, for
he will see the condition of your child
and realize the fact that we mean busi-
ness and will not be monkeyed with or
captured.

"Get the money all in gold, in \$5, \$10
and \$20 pieces, put it in a grip in a white
wheat sack, get in your buggy on the
night of December 19, at 7 p. m., and
drive past Ruser's park, and following
the paved road towards Fremont. When
you come to a lantern lighted by the
side of the road place the money by the
lantern, immediately turn your horse
round and return home. You will know
our lantern for it will have two ribbons,
black and white, tied on the handle. You
must place a red lantern where it can be
plainly seen. So we will know you a
mile away. The letter and every part

of it must be returned with the money and any attempt at capture will be the saddest thing you have ever done.

"Mr. Cudahy, you are up against it and there is only one way out. Give up the coin.

The letter was not made public at that time. About ten o'clock, Mr. Cudahy notified the newspaper offices that he had reasons to believe his son had been kidnaped. But he denied he had received a letter or a communication of any kind.

Afternoon papers all got out "extras" by noon, with the story that young Cudahy had been kidnaped. Most people didn't believe it.

Before those "extras" got out on the street, I was busy as every other newspaper man in town was busy. We were all assigned to "find Eddie Cudahy."

In addition to the newspaper men, every police officer in the department was thrown on the job. And so were the sheriff and all his deputies. The big Cudahy Packing plant, with 2,000 employees, closed for the day and the entire force went hunting for the son of the "boss." Many of the big industrial establishments of the city, although not connected with the Cudahy Packing company in any way, closed and sent all their employees to assist. Altogether there must have been 5,000 men and women working on that case.

A Mad Hunt

I WAS A "freelance" reporter in those days, not bound down with any Omaha newspaper, but acting as special correspondent for a "string" of out-of-town newspapers.

The city was divided into sections of four blocks each, and men were instructed to search every house in each section. All that day, December 19, 1900, that intensive search was maintained.

By eight-fifteen the whole town was worn out. I was nearly dead with fatigue. But I had morning papers to protect and I had to keep going. No reporters were off duty at quitting time that day. Every man was held.

At two o'clock there was a telephone call. It was from Edward Cudahy, Sr., and was very brief.

"My son has returned home and there is no further necessity for search," said Mr. Cudahy. And he hung up the phone.

I tried to call him on the telephone. So did the other newspaper boys. We simply couldn't be satisfied with that announcement. We had to have more.

We got to the Cudahy house as soon as we could. We nearly killed the cab horses in getting there. But we didn't get to see Cudahy. A friend of the family who was at the house and had been assisting in the search, told us Mr. Cudahy might have a statement sometime the next day. We asked about Eddie:

"Oh, he's asleep by this time," he told us. "We didn't believe him, especially as we could see a light upstairs in Mr. Cudahy's room."

Then we fell to speculating how Eddie Cudahy got home and into the house, without being seen by somebody. Officers Reilemann and Thomas, who had been on duty at the house all the evening, declared they had seen no one enter the place.

The morning papers announced young Cudahy's return and told of the mystery connected therewith. People simply

didn't believe there had been a kidnaping.

Even some of the reporters scoffed.

But we had more to learn. We were told there had really been a kidnaping for ransom and that the ransom had been paid.

The next day Cudahy, Sr., issued a statement. He told of the letter demanding the ransom. He told of going to the Omaha National bank, getting \$25,000 in gold coin, just as he had been instructed to do. Then, at seven o'clock in the evening, taking a buyer for the Cudahy Packing company with him in his two-horse vehicle, he had driven west on the Center street road for about five miles when he came to a lighted lantern beside the road. He investigated and found the two ribbons, one black, one white, tied to the handle. He placed his bag of gold by the side of this lantern, turned his horses and drove back to his home, where he arrived about ten o'clock.

Three hours later, about one o'clock, young Edward rushed up the front steps, rang the door bell, and was clasped in the arms of his mother who was waiting for him. He was uninjured.

Eddie Cudahy's Story

AFTER delivering the books at the neighbor's house, he had started home. Half a block from his house two men leaped from a one-horse buckboard and grabbed him.

"We are deputy sheriffs from Sarpy county," one of them announced. "You are Eddie McGee, wanted for robbing your grandmother of \$500. We are going to take you back there."

With a pistol pressed against his side, Cudahy was forced into the buggy and the two "officers" drove off.

"No I'm not Eddie McGee," Cudahy told them. "I'm Eddie Cudahy. That's my house right there. You can go there and find out about me."

But the "officers" refused. After driving a few blocks they blindfolded the boy.

"You raise an outcry or try to get that bandage off, and we'll kill you," said one of the men. And he still held his gun against the boy's side, while the other man drove.

After half an hour or so the vehicle stopped, young Cudahy was assisted to alight and the party entered a house. Cudahy's feet and hands were bound and he was laid on the floor. The buggy drove off.

For the balance of that night and all the next day young Cudahy was kept in that same room. He was blindfolded all the time and did not see his captors. All he had to eat were crackers and coffee. Toward night he was informed that his father had been told to place \$25,000 where they could get it, and if this were done, he would be released unharmed. At dark one of the men left the house, leaving the other on guard. Cudahy was still blindfolded.

Just before midnight the missing kidnaper returned.

"Did you get the stuff?" eagerly asked the kidnaper on duty in the room.

"Sure, I got it. But I fell in the creek and lost \$20,000 from the satchel. All I have left is \$5,000."

"Well, I'm going to shoot somebody if that \$20,000 ain't found," answered the first man.

"I thought he meant he was going to

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shoot me," said Eddie. "But I found out differently later."

They placed the blindfolded boy in their buggy and started driving. He could not detect the direction taken. After nearly an hour of driving and turning corners, he was told to get out of the buggy, to wait five minutes and then to remove the bandage.

Young Cudahy told us he waited about five minutes, removed the bandage, and ran home.

The Mystery Deepens

TILL there were few outside the Cudahy family who believed there had been a genuine kidnaping. Especially did we newspaper men doubt that story.

We succeeded in verifying the fact that the gold had been withdrawn from the bank. William Wallace, vice president of the bank, was authorized to verify this for us.

Then something happened which threw a new light on the mystifying case. Twenty-four hours after young Cudahy's return, two *World-Herald* reporters, Eugene Mayfield and E. H. Henning, discovered the house where the boy had been held prisoner. Identification was made by a bag of crackers, an empty coffee can and dozens of cigaret stubs on the floor.

Mayfield had figured out that the prison-house would be found in the southwestern outskirts of the city. He figured that the house was a vacant one because Eddie had heard no sound except those made by his captors. The boy could hear railroad trains. The man who had telephoned Cudahy from Glynn's stable had headed west. Mayfield put all these together, figured out where the house would be and late in the afternoon he and Henning found it. The house was unoccupied and the windows covered with newspapers. From the owner it was found that a stranger who had given a fictitious name had rented it ten days earlier.

We learned that on Friday morning, December 21, the day after young Cudahy returned, a stranger called on Mr. Cudahy. We reporters never did find who this stranger was. Mr. Cudahy gave us the information he had brought. It was to the effect that, three years before an acquaintance of his named Pat Crowe had outlined to him how a desperate man might kidnap the child of some wealthy man and hold it for ransom. He had particularly outlined a scheme for placing a lantern with white and black ribbons beside the road where the ransom was to be placed. Cudahy investigated. Crowe had been away from Omaha for a year or two. But it was found he had been seen in the city the previous week.

That was the first name that had been mentioned in connection with the kidnaping. It was a slender lead, but it was pounced upon avidly.

"Bring in Pat Crowe," ordered Chief Donahue. Then it became a race between us newspaper men and the police as to which would find Pat Crowe first. But Pat had disappeared from his usual haunts.

The next day, down near Pacific Junction, 25 miles below Omaha on the Iowa side of the Missouri, an abandoned pony was found. The horse showed signs of having been ridden fast and long. Some body suggested that the kidnaping might

have ridden that pony in making his escape.

I took a photograph of the pony, with its bridle and saddle. That picture was printed in the *World-Herald* with a request that anyone knowing anything about the horse should get in touch with the newspaper or the police department.

The next morning an old fellow, living on Grand avenue, Omaha, came in. He had recognized the pony. He had sold the horse ten days earlier to a stranger for a gold watch and the promise of ten dollars. He never got the ten dollars. But he had the watch with him. And he gave us a good description of the man who bought the pony.

That description fitted Pat Crowe. And the watch was just like one Crowe had owned.



T.R. PORTER
free-lance writers
in Omaha.

During the Wilson-Hughes campaign, he reported political conditions in every state in the Union for a great newspaper syndicate and for eight months prior to America's entry into the World War he investigated the probable attitude of German and Austrian nationals in fourteen states to learn what position they would take if the United States joined the Allies.

He has probed the secrets of prehistoric cities in southern Mexico and has done much research among American Indians.

His outstanding achievement in journalism is said to have been beating the world on the cover of the San Francisco fire and earthquake. While other reporters were fighting for telegraph wires or struggling to get to San Francisco, he approached his friend, the late F. H. Harriman, then president of the Southern Pacific and Union Pacific roads, got permission to use the reports coming through from "Frisco on the railway wires and had all the biggest news first. For several days his rewrites of these reports were the chief source of news on the tragedy.

A \$55,000 Manhunt

EDWARD CUDAHY offered a reward of \$25,000 in gold for the capture of the kidnapers and an additional offer of \$5,000 for Pat Crowe, guilty or innocent. The city of Omaha added another \$25,000 for the kidnapers. That made \$50,000 reward for the kidnapers and an extra \$5,000 for Crowe, personally.

The entire country got busy. Fifty-five thousand dollars was a lot of money. Right then started the greatest manhunt this country ever experienced.

If a cat has nine lives, Pat Crowe had forty-nine bodies. He was seen in every state in the Union nearly every day. Little towns and big cities saw Pat Crowe in every stranger within their gates. Every city policeman, every country constable, every amateur detective, was looking for Pat Crowe and they each saw him at least once—or thought they did. Telegrams poured in on the Omaha police department and on Edward Cudahy.

The reward of \$55,000 for the kidnapers was never claimed. It was withdrawn about July 1, 1901, six months after the crime. But that didn't stop the search for Crowe.

Two months after the kidnaping, a local "character" was arrested as Crowe's accomplice in the kidnaping. I reported his trial. The evidence was fairly strong. But the man was acquitted. As he walked down the court house steps after the trial, a free man, an odd thing happened. The scales in the hand of the blind "Justice" on the dome of the court house fell at his feet.

Gradually the furor died away as the leads petered out. One night in the fall of 1904 I was sitting in the *World Herald* editorial rooms. It was about ten o'clock. A man came in, asked for the night editor, talked with him a few minutes, and went out. The night editor came over to me,

"Porter," he said, "don't give this information away or somebody will get shot. Pat Crowe will be here in a few minutes. He wants to give us his story."

Frank Gallagher, one of the steadiest reporters with the paper, was delegated to get that story from Pat.

In a few minutes two men came into the editorial room. I recognized the first man as the fellow who had been there a few minutes before. The second man who introduced himself as Pat Crowe, looked more like the president of a bank, or a big business or professional man. There was nothing of the low-brow about him. Tall, strong, erect, dignified, iron gray hair combed back from a high forehead, well dressed.

The first thing Pat did when he entered the room was to close the door. His next was to pull out two big guns. His companion likewise displayed a brace of firearms.

"Gentlemen," said Pat, "this is Horse Thief Johnson, my friend and bodyguard. If the police come while we are talking, both of us start shooting. And our first shots will be at your newspaper men. Then we'll see to the police."

"The police are not coming here tonight," answered the night editor with a little tremor in his voice. "But let's get at this and get through it."

Gallagher went into a private room with the two men. He told me they laid their pistols on the table and kept their hands within a few inches of them. Crowe gave Gallagher a story in which he denied that he had participated in the kidnaping. He said he was tired of wandering and wanted to come home and settle down. He wanted to be "good."

After remaining in the newspaper office for nearly an hour, Pat and Horse Thief shook hands with us all, tucked their guns away and walked out.

Pat Crowe Comes Back

WHAT a "scoop" our paper had the next morning! Pat Crowe had actually walked down Farnam street,

entered our building, and given us his life story.

September 6, 1905, Crowe was again in Omaha. Four police officers, Dan Leahy, Albert Jackson, Dan Baldwin and Dan Davis were out in a body looking for him. They found him sitting on the curb at Sixteenth and Castellar streets.

In those days whenever an officer found Pat Crowe, shooting started. This meeting was no exception. All five men emptied their guns. Jackson was shot in the leg and was the only man hit. Crowe got away in the excitement.

Two weeks later, about September 21, our paper had a telegram from our correspondent at Butte, Montana. The correspondent told us a man claiming to be Pat Crowe had called at the Butte police station that day and had asked to be arrested.

"I'm Pat Crowe," the stranger had told the police captain.

"Well, you better be on your way," said the captain. "I've already arrested 25 Pat Crowses. You don't look any different from the others."

But Pat Crowe it was and he was allowed to surrender next day—October 1, 1905.

In February, 1906, Crowe was placed on trial charged with robbing Cudahy of \$25,000. For more than two weeks I sat at that courtroom and reported that trial. Everything was brought out, even to a letter Crowe had written to a priest in which he acknowledged the kidnaping and said he wanted to come in, surrender, and return \$21,000 of the loot that he still had, if Cudahy would "show

me mercy." It was shown that Crowe had rented the house where Eddie Cudahy was kept prisoner and that he had bought the pony which the kidnapers used.

When the state closed, the defense announced there would be no testimony offered. The state was simply paralyzed at the move.

Then came the addresses to the jury. A. S. Ritchie, Omaha lawyer, made the principal address for the defense.

It was said to be the most remarkable speech ever made to a jury in an Omaha court.

And the jury declared Pat Crowe not guilty!

Two hours after that "not guilty" verdict, Pat sat in his room and detailed to me and the newspaper reporters just how he had kidnaped young Cudahy, how he had hidden that little pony to Pacific Junction after burying a part of his gold which was too heavy to carry. At Pacific Junction he had abandoned the pony, got in a Pullman car with a ticket to Chicago. But after riding fifty miles or so, he left the train at a small station, getting off on the wrong side where he was not seen, walked five miles to another railroad, got into another Pullman car and was in Chicago the next morning. Twenty-four hours before his name was brought into the case he told us he was in hiding in Chicago and didn't leave his room for seven months.

And he named as his accomplice, whom he had cheated of a share in \$20,000 of the ransom, the town "character," acquitted of the kidnaping years before.

The Inside Story of Hawaii's Honor Slaying

[Continued from page 13]

had been following a woman who looked like Mrs. Massie along John Ena road on the night of the attack.

Detective Arthur Stagbar swore that he saw Ida making signals to Ahakuelo during the questioning of the five by police. When asked what the signals meant, he said, Ida declared "the boys are mixed up on which way we turned to town from Waikiki at the dance."

The defendants had admitted being at the dance pavilion on John Ena road. But their stories differed widely as to the route they took after they left the dance pavilion.

Chang and Ahakuelo were not called to the stand. Both had criminal records, having been indicted previously for an assault upon a Chinese girl minor. Later Ahakuelo had been granted full discharge by Governor Judd that he might represent Hawaii in an amateur boxing championship in New York.

Bitterly contested, the trial waged hotly before a jury top-heavy with mixed castes. In a brilliant summation in which he asked for conviction of the five, Griffith Wright, prosecutor, made a strangely prophetic statement:

"Do you realize," he said, "that the complaining witness is just a young, inexperienced girl? You saw in what a clean, straightforward way she told her story. It was a horrible ordeal for her, but she went

through it bravely and without exaggeration.

"Put yourself in the place of the husband of a 20-year-old girl to whom this had happened, and you would want to go out and shoot the men!"

The case went to the jury December 3. Two days later the jury, declaring it could not agree, asked to be discharged. The judge promptly requested that it deliberate further.

Four days later, after nearly a hundred ballots had been polled, and a pitched battle had taken place in the jury room, the jurors again reported agreement impossible and were discharged.

In Hawaii, trial for rape requires more than the victim's identification to secure conviction. There must be corroborative testimony. And there was no one to support the nightmare story which Thalia Massie had told.

Mob Revenge

AS IS customary in Hawaii, the five defendants were ordered to report each morning at 8 o'clock at the courthouse until the second trial of the case. Their bonds still stood.

Scarcely had news of the disagreement spread through the city when several automobiles followed a car in which

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Horace Ida drove with another youth. They drew up behind his car as he alighted before a downtown Honolulu hotel.

Suddenly there was a rush. A score of men fell upon Ida and dragged him into one of the cars. Motors roared and quick alarm spread for the safety of the assault suspect.

Search for the man was quickly begun but it was not till several hours later that he was found badly beaten on the historic road that leads down from the famous Nuuanu Pali, the thousand-foot cliff, over which, years ago, King Kamehameha drove his enemies to their death.

Ida's body was a mass of welts and bruises. He declared that a score of men in sailor's uniforms had rushed him out of the city, that they had set upon him and lashed him again and again with their belts.

When she went to investigate, she was set upon by the man.

He bound her, gagged her, beat her and then assaulted her. Then he stripped the house of valuables, stole a dinner jacket and trousers belonging to the woman's husband and slipped out the door.

Struggling from her bonds, the woman telephoned her husband. The alarm was quickly spread.

Showed photographs of one of the escaped convicts, she quickly identified him. Presently he was captured, still wearing the clothes of his victim's husband.

Honolulu became hysterical. Sudden investigation revealed appalling conditions at Oahu prison. Guards and wardens, it was learned, frequently left their posts for hours at a time. Prisoners had been allowed to "visit" their homes at night.

Under the sweeping storm of criticism



Tragedy dogged the footsteps of Mrs. Thalia Massie through Honolulu's Waikiki section when she left the Ala Inn (above) for a midnight stroll and was brutally beaten and attacked by native prowlers.

They threatened, he said, to throw him over the Pali unless he confessed the attack on Mrs. Massie and told the whole truth. He said he refused to talk. But whispers quickly spread that he had pleaded for his life and had "squealed."

The city was soon in an uproar. Navy shore leave was cancelled. All men were ordered back to ships or to stations. Navy men's homes were guarded and police mounted guard over the homes of the five defendants in the Massie assault case.

Over a score of Navy men were lined up for Ida's inspection. He was asked if he could pick out any of his assailants. He failed to name any and was warned, with his four associates, to keep off the streets and avoid public places. Needless of these warnings, the five, however, were soon conspicuous at public dances and resorts.

Alarm now spread through the city. Women, especially white women, began to arm themselves. December passed and the New Year came. On the second day of the New Year two convicts escaped from Oahu prison, one of them a life serving time for murder.

Before the day was well begun a young white woman in the Wilhelmina Rise section waked after the departure of her husband for his office and heard the sounds of an intruder in her small home.

that followed, the high sheriff, in charge of the prison, quickly resigned.

The second escaped convict—the lifer—was recaptured. But women still trembled when they were forced to go unprotected on the streets. Uneasy murmurs ran through both white and Oriental colonies—grim overture to the final act of tragedy.

A Strange Kidnapping

ON THE morning of January 8, as the five defendants in the Massie assault case made their way to the courthouse for their daily report, two automobiles drew up in front of the building. One was a Buick sedan driven by a young man. The other, a smaller car, was driven by a gray-haired woman.

As Joseph Kahahawai, one of the defendants, a strapping youth with one gold tooth, came down the steps of the courthouse, the gray-haired woman is said to have pointed him out, saying to a young companion, "That's the man."

Kahahawai, in company with his step-brother, walked down the steps and was suddenly confronted by a young man who handed him a paper bearing a gold seal.

"Major Ross wants to see you," he said, according to Kahahawai'skinsman. Kahahawai nodded his head and followed to the Buick which immediately

sped away followed by the gray-haired woman in the smaller car.

Staring after his erstwhile companion, Kahahawai's step-brother, for some reason, suddenly became alarmed. He rushed to the police station. Kahahawai had disappeared, he cried.

A police alarm was quickly spread and search of the city began.

Radio patrol cars all over Honolulu were instructed to watch for the two cars and orders were issued to find Kahahawai.

Some two and a half hours later, Detective George Harbottle was driving his patrol car toward the Waialae Golf Club in the direction of Hanama Bay.

He sighted a Buick sedan similar to that for which he was searching and noted that its rear curtain was drawn down. Another glimpse revealed a gray-haired woman at the wheel.

He whipped his car into the road and set off at a rapid pace. At a cross-road he came upon another patrol car and signalled it to follow the Buick with him.

The car ahead was now travelling at tremendous speed. After it, with throttles thrust to the floor boards, hurtled the two police cars.

Harbottle drew abreast of the Buick. He signalled it to stop but the woman driver paid him no attention.

Managing to pull ahead, the officer attempted to force the machine to the curb but was out-maneuvered.

Cutting loose with a volley of shots to enforce his commands, Harbottle again raced on after the speeding car closely followed by his fellow officer in the third machine.

Racing With Death

LOUDER and louder the motors of the three machines roared. Farther and farther over crept the cylinders of their speedometers. Bending grimly over the wheel, the gray-haired woman coaxed every possible ounce of power from her roaring engine. Equally determined, the two police officers strained every nerve to cut down the lead which the larger car had gained.

After a desperate race of more than a mile along the picturesque road leading to Hanama Bay and the noted promontory of Koko Head, Harbottle's car again drew abreast of the Buick. He clung grimly to the wheel and edged closer and closer to the big car.

He forged ahead inch by inch. Her eyes never for an instant leaving the road, the gray-haired woman battled for advantage. It was touch and go. If one of the cars wavered ever so slightly, both would go into the ditch at suicide speed.

At last the woman broke. With a wild squeal of heavy brakes the big car slowed, slid, halted. Harbottle's lighter machine was still beside it when it stopped. The other police car was checked within a foot of disaster, its brakes shrieking.

Scrambling out of his machine, Harbottle warily approached the Buick. His hand hovered at his revolver holster, for two men rode with the gray-haired woman in that other car.

One of them the officer quickly recognized as Lieutenant Massie, husband of the tragic victim of the assault on the Ala Moana. The second man was a stranger, but the gray-haired woman's face was familiar.

Harbottle had seen her many times during the Massie case trial. He knew at once that she was the mother of Mrs. Massie, Mrs. Granville Fortescue, a pretentious figure, wife of one of America's well known writers, prominent in New York and Washington society and the grand niece of Alexander Graham Bell.

For an instant Harbottle hesitated. The thing that was growing in his mind was unbelievable—Kahahawai!

Seizing the handle of the left rear door of the car, the officer jerked it open. Something lay there on the floor of the Buick, something limp, crumpled and partly wrapped in sheets.

The nude body of a dark-skinned man protruded from the sinister bundle. Harbottle reached for his hand. He touched the foot. Cold.

Sending the second officer to call a coroner, Officer Harbottle held the woman and the two men at the scene. Notebooks in hand he questioned them. They gave their names and addresses. The stranger in the car was Edward J. Lord, an enlisted man from the submarine base at Pearl Harbor.

With the arrival of the coroner, the grousomesque package was removed from the Buick and unwrapped.

Joseph Kahahawai, the young man with the gold tooth, the strapping young Hawaiian whom Thalia Massie had identified again and again as one of her assailants, was dead.

He had been shot through the lung over the heart—once.

None of the trio would talk beyond answering the formal question regarding their identity.

A patrol wagon clanged to the scene. Mrs. Fortescue was placed in it, her feet on the opposite seat to make room for the grisly bundle on the floor, a death basket bearing all that remained of Joseph Kahahawai.

Massie and Lord were put into the radio patrol cars and the strange procession wended its way back to Honolulu.

Cheated Of Its Prey

BEHIND, the road curved over the low hills along the shore of Hanaua Bay where Koko Head growled and rumbled as though it knew it had been cheated of its prey.

For Koko Head rises abruptly from the surging waters that sweep in from the Pacific and Koko Head always growls. There the waters of the bay surge again and again into volcanic craters only to rush out again with a sound like the snarl of an animal.

And nothing—animal or human—that falls into the waters of Koko Head can ever be recovered. A few minutes more and those snarling waters undoubtedly would have closed forever over the dark body of Joe Kahahawai.

And now the thunderstorm that had been brooding over the Paradise Isles broke savagely. Its repercussions were heard in every civilized country of the world. Its echoes waked Washington where a Senate committee speedily met at the behest of a Cabinet officer.

Attorney General Mitchell was promptly ordered to investigate conditions in the Islands. He acted quickly.

Asking for an appropriation of \$15,000, which was granted, Mr. Mitchell promptly dispatched Seth W. Richardson, assistant attorney general to Hawaii with blanket authority to make a sweeping study of the courts, police, jury systems and parole boards.

"Killers!" That was the epithet hurled by half-castes at Americans in Honolulu as chief of detectives McIntosh filed charges of first degree murder against Mrs. Fortescue, Massie and Lord.

Swift search of the Massie home revealed A. L. Jones, another navy enlisted man.

In his pockets were found a bogus warrant summoning Joe Kahahawai before Major Ross of the territorial police, an empty .32 caliber cartridge and an automatic pistol clip—empty. He, too, was taken into custody.

At the Fortescue home a .45 caliber automatic and a .32 caliber pistol were found. A woman's torn negligee and a man's torn shirt were discovered. Neighbors reported a shot heard early on the fatal day.

Official action took two directions. Major Ross was appointed permanent head of the prison as high sheriff after a special session of the legislature was called by Governor Judd.

Anarchy In Honolulu

THEN came a new development in the strange drama of East and West. From the chambers of the territorial grand jury came the rumor that that body had refused to indict the alleged participants in the Kahahawai slaying. Honolulu was in a turmoil. From city pulpits pastors decried lynch law and hinted darkly at anarchy.

Finally admonitions from Judge Christy resulted in the return of an indictment charging the quartette with second degree murder. Immediately defense attorneys attacked the indictment, charging judicial coercion.

Feeling in the city still ran high. Fearing possible racial reprisals, the defendants in the Kahahawai case were spirited away to the U. S. S. *Alton*, receiving ship at Pearl Harbor.

At the same time, the four men awaiting re-trial in the Massie assault case were rushed into jail for protection.

The eyes of the world have been focused upon Honolulu. The naval men have waived court-martial and will be tried in civil courts. One question is uppermost: Will Mrs. Fortescue and her co-defendants be tried by a white jury or one of mixed blood? As this is written, the first panel has been drawn. It includes six Chinese, five Hawaiians, three Japanese, two Portuguese and ten Anglo-Saxons.

Meanwhile Hawaii proper has set its political house in order and reorganized its police system as a result of the tragic Massie-Fortescue affair. Divided Honolulu waits the outcome of the trial which may send a gray-haired mother, an outraged husband and two enlisted men of the United States navy to prison for life.

Out of the bitter seeds planted by the white man's commerce, Hawaii has reaped a sinister crop. Tragedy has blighted the lives of numerous people. The hibiscus blossoms have been stained with blood. Violent death has stricken Paradise.



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CONVICT 6138, escaped from the State Penitentiary; Name, Charles Condray; age 37; Height, 5 ft. 8 in. Weight 141 pounds; Hair, light brown; Eyes, gray.

Easy enough to identify him from his photograph and this description, you may say—but Condray took the name of "Brown", dyed his hair, darkened his skin, grew a mustache, put on weight and walked with a limp.

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The Skeleton Harvest of Maple Hill Farm

[Continued from page 41]

Who would William F. Ringer turn out to be? Was he the peddler, was he another victim, or was he some one in no way connected with the case?

A telegram was sent to the prosecuting attorney of Antelope county, Nebraska. He replied that William F. Ringer had disappeared from his old home twelve years before; that he had been a man about forty years old, short and rather heavy and that he was a peddler selling jewelry made from sea shells entwined with gold-plated wire!

Soon afterward McNeill received another telegram:

"We believe skeleton you have found is that of our brother, William F. Ringer. We are coming to Maple Hill at once."

Secrets Of The Dead

THE brothers soon were in Maple Hill. They could not identify the skeleton, but they did identify the jewelry. William F. Ringer, they said, had left home about Thanksgiving time in 1906. They never had heard from him after that.

News publicity aided in obtaining the convincing evidence that the skeleton found was that of the peddler. A farmer who lived near Alma, Kansas, read of the missing peddler. Something else in the story, however, struck him more forcibly. It was the fact that a rifle barrel had been found near the skeleton.

When the farmer read that he hurried to Maple Hill. Quickly he identified the rifle barrel as one which he had traded for an overcoat to a peddler who sold sea shell jewelry.

Then rumors reached McNeill's ears that the peddler had owned a water spaniel which had been seen around Maple Hill after its master had disappeared.

Promptly McNeill ran down the lead and finally discovered a man who said that he had seen the dog with Rufus King, a Maple Hill man, several days after the peddler was supposed to have left town.

"Isn't that the peddler's dog?" this man had asked.

"No," King had said. But after that the dog had been seen no more.

Late in the afternoon that McNeill heard the story of Rufus King and the water spaniel a shout went up from the excavators, still working in the yard behind the livery stable.

"More bones! We've found another skeleton!"

"This one is wrapped in a blanket!"

The hundreds of persons who quickly crowded into the barn yard shuddered as the blanket-wrapped bones were tenderly laid out on the ground. But the physicians in the crowd only shrugged their shoulders at the first sight of the bones. They were too small. They were not of the right shape; not of the right texture. They were not human bones. They were the bones of the peddler's spaniel!

A Net Of Circumstances

WITH the finding of the dog's skeleton, the investigators turned their attention to Rufus King. They uncovered a surprising series of coinci-

dences. They learned that following the peddler's disappearance King had sold the man's horse and wagon, stating that the peddler had run away without paying board for the horse at King's livery stable.

Then John Gutschall came forward with more information that made things look bad for King. The man from whom Reuben was to collect \$50 the day he disappeared was King!

But, suspicious as these coincidences might be, they were at best only circumstantial. There was nothing linking King directly to the mysterious case. True, the man had sold the peddler's horse and wagon; but inasmuch as the sale had been made apparently to clear a legitimate debt, the incident proved nothing.

Questioning revealed that several days after the first of the year following the disappearance of the Gutschall boy King had driven a team and wagon up



L. N. Hatfield

MILK MAN, paper boy, clothing salesman, ice wagon driver, dish washer and sideshow barker in his day, Leon Hatfield, Kansas City free lance writer, formerly with the Kansas City Star, is no novice as a crime investigator, though he is only 27 years old.

On his first newspaper job, he caught a sheriff working prisoners on private contracts and broke into the newspaper big league.

He is married and has a boy eighteen months old, whose stock word is "No", and whose early criminal tendencies, as discovered by his investigating father, tend toward "stealing eggs from the ice box, breaking them and sitting in the result."

He has done some outstanding work for STARTLING DETECTIVE ADVENTURES, not the least of which is his story of the Skeleton Harvest of Maple Hill Farm appearing in this issue.

to a grain bin on the Gutschall farm and loaded eighty bushels of corn.

Questioned as to his rights he said: " Didn't you know? I bought it from Reuben. I made a deal with him for three horses, a buggy, this wagon and some corn."

So far he had profited, if he were concerned in the slayings, to the extent of three horses, two wagons, a buggy, and eighty bushels of corn.

"What about the Woody case?" the investigators asked themselves. "What did he profit there?"

Woody, it developed, had won one hundred dollars from King in a poker game the night before he disappeared.

But the evidence was slim, the motives too far fetched to give credence to the theory that King might have been the

slayer. Probing still further into the baffling mystery, McNeill and his aides learned from John Gutschall that King had been questioned concerning Reuben's disappearance when he appeared for the corn.

"Where is Reuben?" he had been asked.

"He has gone to California," King replied. "He came to my place Christmas. I paid him \$50 I owed him. He seemed worried. I asked him what his trouble was. He said he was in trouble with a girl and had to get out of the country. He offered to sell me the stuff and I bought it, paying him \$160 for it."

At the time the Gutschall family had not been satisfied with the explanation. They asked L. L. Kiene, then sheriff of Shawnee county, Kansas, to investigate the story. King told the sheriff the same story, but he added one detail. He told the sheriff Reuben had left his extra clothes with him and showed the sheriff the clothes!

Trailing A Mass Slayer

IN THE Woody case King had answered inquiries by the family in exactly the same way he had answered the family in the Gutschall case. He told Woody's father the boy had gotten in trouble with a girl, and had to leave town. The boy owned three horses, a buggy and a wagon. King said he had purchased them so that Woody would have a means of escape.

But there was stronger evidence against King. King had been the last person to occupy the house where the first skeleton was found.

When he moved he had surprised the neighbors by moving his trash with his furniture. He surprised them still further by building a shed over his trash! And it was this same shed and this same trash that had revealed the first skeleton!

Authorities issued three first degree murder warrants for King. He had moved away from Maple Hill a year before to Colorado, according to rumor.

Officials anticipated a long and arduous chase, but contrary to expectations, King did not prove difficult to find. He was not hiding. He was found and arrested near Pueblo, Colorado, and agreed to return to Kansas without extradition. He was placed in the county jail at Topeka.

Rufus King was 50 years old at this time. His six-foot body was carried with the erectness that had been drilled into him in his army service in the Philippines Islands. His head was topped by a mass of unkempt hair. His brown eyes were sharp and direct. His voice was mellow and his conversation mild.

King maintained a nonchalant air from the start. The sight of his alleged victims being taken from sacks—bone by bone—thighs, arms, legs and finally their skulls—did not cause him a moment's worry, as far as investigators could see.

Hours and even days of questioning did not shake King from his firm and courteous denial of guilt.

So alarmed and excited was the state of Kansas over the murder farm that Richard J. Hopkins, attorney general of Kansas, entered personally into the in-

The Enigma of the Headless Beauty

[Continued from page 37]

JULY 20, 1908.

VOL. LIV. NO. NO.

SHEATHED

In Justice's Sword
Pearl Bryan's Foul Murder
Is Averred.

Her Lawyer Pays the Law's
Grim Penalty.

Plunging into Eternity at
the Same instant.

Scott Jackson Declares Alibi
no Walking Innocent.

But Afterward Returns the Star-
ring Statement.

What does Bradley Demand
That the Truth be Told.

End of the Greatest Tragedy of
the Century.

Julian Bryan on the Scaffold That
Their Victim Died at the Hands
of Dr. Wagner.

11-The Dead Bradley-Bryan Sought
12-The Death Watch Begins
13-The Body Printed There Instantly.
14-The Deep Falls.
15-The Utterly Desecrated Head
16-Jackson Presented.

Graphic style as shown in this unusual
clipping from the Cincinnati Enquirer.

AS THE PROCESSION MOVED

"Finis" was written to the gruesome drama in graphic style as shown in this unusual clipping from the Cincinnati Enquirer.

shoe dealer on a train for Portsmouth with instructions to show one of the shoes to the manufacturers and notify me at once the name of the retailer for whom they were made. I then telephoned a member of the firm to be on the lookout for the man and was promised every co-operation.

Late that evening searchers found a woman's hat and several pieces of wearing apparel under a railroad bridge. If the clothing had belonged to the murdered girl there was significance in that find. McDermott and I were now convinced that the girl had come from a distance, that she had brought extra clothing with her which the murderers had made away with.

"But," said McDermott, as we turned in that Sunday morning for a brief rest, "the girl must have had her

clothing in a valise. Why didn't the murderers leave the grip, too?"

"I was just asking myself the same question," I responded. "The valise was the very thing they needed to carry the head in. The murderers had reason for taking it far from the scene of the killing to dispose of it."

"And they probably stuffed some of their own bloody clothing in the satchel, too," McDermott answered. "But let's get a bit of sleep, now."

I tried, but visions of two fiends, fleeing with the head of a slain girl in a satchel, kept dancing through my brain.

Developments Sunday forenoon were quite as disappointing as those of the previous twenty-four hours. Then came a message from the shoe dealer. The shoes worn by the dead girl were part

of a shipment sold to a dealer in Green castle, Indiana. More important still, the retailers had received but three pairs of oxfords of that style and size. Monday found McDermott, Plummer and I accompanied by a throng of reporters, in the Indiana town.

Leaving McDermott and Plummer with the press representatives, I went to the shoe store where to my joy I found only two of the three pairs of oxfords had been sold. The manager believed he had records of both sales. "Yes," he said after some investigation, "one pair was sold to Miss Pearl Bryan, the other to Mrs. John Kesterman."

"Who is Miss Bryan?" I asked nervously.

"A young woman of fine family here. Her sister is in the millinery business. Her brother lives in town and her mother resides in the country a short distance out."

"Is Miss Bryan at home now?" I queried.

"I believe she is," he said. "I saw her only a few days ago. She is a choir singer and prominent in church work here."

"How about the other woman?"

"She is the wife of a soldier at Louisville barracks. I have not seen her for a long time. The last I heard of her she was at Louisville."

I put a telegraph tracer on the soldier's wife and followed the other lead.

When I reached the millinery store of Pearl Bryan's sister, her brother happened to be there. Calling them into a side room, I asked where Miss Bryan was.

"She is visiting with the Fisher family at Indianapolis," was the reply. "She left last Friday."

The news served only to confirm my suspicions. Pearl Bryan had not been home since the previous Friday. Pearl Bryan had bought a pair of the shoes like those worn by the slain girl. Without another word I opened a valise containing articles of apparel worn by the Lock Lane victim as well as those found under the railroad bridge.

The first garment exhibited brought an exclamation from the sister.

"Why," she cried, "that is my kimono. I lent it to Pearl to take with her!" A few more pieces were shown the pair. They positively identified them as belonging to Miss Bryan and they agreed that Pearl had webbed toes.

Heart-broken though they were, they bore up with much fortitude, when I assured them as gently as I could that the headless girl of whom they had read was their sister.

"But," the woman sobbed, "Pearl went to Indianapolis. She wouldn't go to Cincinnati. She knew no one there." "Are you sure she knew no one there?" I queried.

"Yes," her brother put in. "You remember that nephew of a Depauw professor, who visited here this summer. He was quite attentive to Pearl. He is developing dentistry in Cincinnati now. What was his name?"

"Scott Jackson!" exclaimed the woman. "I forgot about him. He was the only person she was acquainted with in that part of the country!"

A dental student! One who would be skilled in the use of a dissecting knife! I needed no more information for the moment. Immediately I telephoned Colonel Deitsch and detectives soon were combing Cincinnati for Scott Jackson, dental student, address unknown.

The Break of the Case

I RESORTED to code in my message to Chief Deitsch so that neither the press nor any other agency would know Jackson was under suspicion and let the news leak out before he could be apprehended. The telephone office was in the railway depot. The operator there was unaccustomed to code and was somewhat puzzled by what appeared to him a meaningless jumble of letters and numerals. I waited until he had finished clicking off the message for he frequently stopped to verify the strange telegram. He was far from stupid, however, and the name, "Scott Jackson" caused him to prick up his ears. I swore him to the strictest secrecy and was leaving without enlightenment him any, when he said:

"Mr. Crim, perhaps I can be of a little help to you."

"What do you know about this business?" I asked.

"I know this," he replied, "that Scott Jackson and a fellow named Will Wood used to loaf around the depot here. Wood is a cousin of Miss Bryan and it was through him that Jackson met her."

"After Jackson left town Wood came down here a lot. I often talked to him about Scott. He told me not long ago that Scott had got his cousin in trouble. Later he confided in me that Jackson had asked him to persuade Pearl to come to Cincinnati. Wood was to make her believe Jackson would marry her when she arrived there. But it was a doctor, not a clergyman, that Jackson expected to take her before. I think you understand."

Discovering Wood had gone to South Bend, I raced after him and soon had confirmation of the telegrapher's story.

"I had no part in any murder; I never dreamed of such a thing," he protested. "I'll go to Cincinnati with you and tell you everything I know."

I telephoned Chief of Detectives Hazen preparatory to starting back home and told him jubilantly of our success in apprehending Wood.

"Congratulations," he said. "Now I have some good news for you. We have Jackson and his roommate, Alonzo Walling, in jail!"

Among the officers who met us at the depot were Detectives Bulmer and Grimsley. And it was from them that I first learned the story of the arrest of Jackson and Walling.

Two Dapper Figures

THEY had found that Jackson was a student at the Ohio Dental college and had visited his old haunts repeatedly. Announcement by the press, however, that the murdered girl had been identified as Pearl Bryan, of Greencastle, evidently had caused the student to lie low. They had finally trailed him down and nabbed him. At the first notification that he was under arrest on a charge of murder, he had blurted out:

"Have they got Walling, too?"

This had been the first intimation of

the accomplice's identity. The detectives sensed the truth.

"Yes, we've got your pal and he's put all the blame on you."

Placing their prisoner in a cell, the detectives started out to look up Walling. They learned that he came from a fine and highly respected Indiana family and was Jackson's roommate and classmate at the dental school. Jackson, the son of a sea captain and a typical New York fop, had been visiting in Greencastle previous to matriculating at the dental college. He had met Walling shortly after the school opened the previous fall and they had become fast friends.

Walling blanched when officers took him into custody. But, like Jackson, he denied any knowledge of Pearl Bryan's fate.

Arriving with Wood at the City Hall, we went to Mayor Caldwell's office. Colonel Deitsch, Colonel Hazen, the mayor, Ed Anthony, police reporter for the *Times-Star*, Bill Taylor, veteran headquarters man for the *Post*, George Holmes, of the *Enquirer*, Frank Grayson of the *Tribune*, McDermott, Will Wood and I seated ourselves and waited for the prisoners to be brought in.

Suave and carefully groomed, the students marched in with no more emotion than if they were filing into a classroom. Jackson gave a friendly nod to Wood which might have been interpreted as a plea to stand pat and say nothing incriminating, pushed back the handcuff to relieve the tension on his rather frail wrist, then gazed, shifty-eyed, into space.

"Now," said Colonel Deitsch, ignoring the prisoners, "tell us all you know about this case, Mr. Wood."

Neither prisoner moved as the cousin of the slain girl told his story.

"I hadn't the slightest hint," he concluded, "that anything but an operation was planned. This murder is a frightful thing. I never had any idea it was contemplated. But Scott Jackson—" He turned toward the prisoner and pointed a finger accusingly, "—you planned all along to kill her! I can see it now. You used me as a tool. I hope you swing for it."

Jackson still looked into space. Walling crossed and uncrossed his legs.

"What have you to say, Jackson?"

"Just this," came the cold metallic tones of the prisoner, "you are bringing a frightful disgrace upon me and my friend, Lonnie." He glanced momentarily at Walling evidently to see if his protestation of friendship was buoying up his pal. "And you are all wrong. If Pearl Bryan came here, I never saw her or knew she was here. I don't believe it was she who was killed. But if it was, she fell into the hands of criminals. My record shows I have never belonged to that class. And you can't find a truthful man or woman who will say he ever saw me in Pearl's company in Cincinnati or Kentucky. I refuse to confess to something I had no hand in whatsoever."

"Jackson," thundered Colonel Deitsch, "roll up your right sleeve." Sulkyly the command was executed. There were four long, deep scratches. "How did you get those?"

"An insect bit me," came the glib reply. "When I was strapped at the station I told the officers all about it."

"You got those when that poor, betrayed girl was trying to keep you from driving your murderous knife into

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her throat. You know very well you did. We've got enough on you to have you hanged a dozen times already. You are entitled to no consideration. And you will certainly receive none if you continue to try to bulldoze this department."

In and out of Walling's presence, we pried Jackson with questions. But each time his reply was: "I've told you all I know." Walling was equally stubborn. He maintained that he had never heard of Pearl Bryan until he read about her in the papers.

Plans For Defense

ONE thing only was gained by these inquisitions—the defense Jackson planned. We had plenty of circumstantial evidence but as he guessed we had no one who would swear to seeing him with Pearl Bryan since she left Green castle.

The first piece of luck came when a cabman identified a photograph of Miss Bryan as "the pretty blonde I drove from the depot to the dental college." Upon arriving at the school the girl had asked him to go in and get Jackson. Inquiry developed that the student was not at the college so the girl had requested to be driven to a hotel. At the hotel, there was no record of a Miss Bryan. But the name "Mabel Stanley" was on the register. The clerk remembered very well now that "Miss Stanley" and "Miss Bryan" were one and the same.

A search at the medical college revealed a pair of blood-stained trousers in Walling's locker. They were identified as belonging to Jackson. Next came a very important break. At Wallingford's saloon, the proprietor thought the pictures were those of a trio that visited his wineroom on the evening of the murder. A colored porter had waited on them. He was called in and shown the photos.

"Yes, sir," he said after studying them for a moment, "they were in here early Saturday evening, all three of them."

"What did you serve them?" I asked.

"The men took whisky," was the reply. "The lady said she wouldn't touch any liquor. They argued with her but she was against it. So they ordered sarsaparilla for her."

"Did you notice anything unusual about their actions?" I queried.

"Well, I tell you boss," the porter replied, "I guess they doped her."

McDermott and I thrilled at that reply.

"Why do you say that?" I questioned.

"Well, the fellow with the droopy moustache joshed her about her soft drink and asked to taste it. He took a sip or two and then when she wasn't looking I saw him pour a few drops out of a little bottle into the sarsaparilla. He shook the glass a little and handed it back. The girl wasn't particular about drinking it but the man insisted. When they went out, she was pretty woozy."

There was a saloon opposite their rooming place on West Ninth street. The pair visited the bar often. Inquiry as to whether they had been seen there the night of the murder brought the information from the night bartender.

"Sure," he replied to a question, "the two came in just before we closed early Sunday morning. Jackson had a valise and asked me to keep it for him. I've still got it."

At last the lost head, I thought. But as he dug it up from under the bar and I lifted it my heart sank. It was empty. "It wasn't empty when they brought it. Something rolled around in it—like a cantaloupe or pumpkin," the bartender said. "They came in and got the valise later. When they brought it back about five minutes afterward, it was empty."

Quite clearly the poor girl's head had rested in the valise under the bar from early Sunday until Monday night. Then when the late Monday afternoon papers announced that the victim had been identified at Green castle, the murderers had rushed into the room, taken the grip and disposed of its ghastly contents before returning it—and all in five minutes. Plainly the place of disposal was nearby. We redoubled the search for the head.

Immediately after they had read the papers outlining the web of evidence we had woven about them, we put Jackson and Walling together in a cell which we had carefully wired so that their conversation might be heard over a telephonic device which I believe was the first dictaphone ever used. A police stenographer listened until they got into a heated quarrel, each one ac-

cusing the other of "squealing," and much damaging evidence was secured.

Still another highly important bit of evidence was to bob up before the trial. A negro cabman, trembling and almost hysterical, came to headquarters and asked of Colonel Hazen:

"Can a man be mixed up in a murder if all he done was at the point of a gun?"

And when the detective chief had calmed him and obtained his story, we knew how the journey to the murder scene had been made. The negro had been asked by Scott Jackson and Walling to take them and the girl for a ride. They had ordered him to cross over into Kentucky and when he demurred, Walling had placed a pistol at his side and threatened to shoot if he hesitated. Out to Lock Lane they had driven and ordered the cabby to stop. When the trio got out, the negro had fled, leaving his cab and white horse.

The Final Judgment

ON APRIL 7, 1896, Jackson went to trial. He was convicted five weeks later. Walling, too, was convicted after a long trial in which his family almost impoverished themselves to save him. Delays postponing the execution prevented the climax of the bloody drama until March 20, 1897.

Both men, still defiant, went to the scaffold, denied their guilt, allowed the black hoods to be drawn over their heads and the rope fixed, then dropped through the trap to their doom.

Pearl Bryan's head was never found but I was satisfied from the moment I learned about the removal of the grip with the round object in it, that I knew where the evidence was destroyed. It was customary to destroy parts of cadavers in the furnace of the medical school. In five minutes the two men could have gone from the saloon to the school, thrown the head into the furnace and returned the satchel. Parts of bones found in the ashes would be no evidence against them—they were almost always present.

The unidentified picture on page 36 is that of Scott Jackson, hanged for the slaying of Pearl Bryan. At his right, on page 37 is Alonzo Walling, accomplice in crime, who also paid the death penalty.

Iowa's Riddle of the Human Torch

[Continued from page 30]

The authorities turned to the now recovered Mrs. Smith in search of information concerning her husband's affairs. She professed to have none. She flatly denied any share in his presumed attempt to defraud the insurance company. Her frequent "Oh, why did he do it?" and "Why doesn't John come back, straighten all this out and take his medicine like a man?" soon convinced the little town that she knew nothing of any plot.

Ready to absolve her of any part in the conspiracy, the officers nevertheless had a suspicion that she was in communication with her missing husband.

They kept her under surveillance and once they followed when she drove out of town in the night but the speed of her car and the darkness combined to foil pursuers.

A Roadside Rendezvous

EVENTUALLY Mrs. Smith went to Sheriff C. A. Knee and told him that she had received a telephone call from a man representing himself to be a salesman for her husband's company who asked to meet him secretly south of Perry that night.

"I believe that it was my husband speaking in a disguised voice," she said.

"And why would you help us trap your husband?" she was asked.

"I want him to come back and do the right thing," she replied.

That night, long before the hour appointed for the rendezvous, Deputy Sheriff Chase and McCarthy had hidden themselves and a fast car in woods bordering the road where Mrs. Smith had agreed to meet her mysterious telephone caller.

Mrs. Smith herself arrived in her car at the agreed time and parked opposite where she knew the deputies were concealed.

A coupe came slowly down the road,

the night of February 25 and since had held him prisoner in a basement.

When it was pointed out to him that he was ruddy and tanned as from an outdoor life, whereas he should have been wan and pale if he had been kept in a basement for months, Smith grew sulky and began to talk irrationally.

His wife came and he recognized her and they kissed and wept, but it was manifest that there was an estrangement of some kind between them.

The reason was not long in coming out.

From Elgin, Kansas, a woman wrote to accuse Smith of bigamously marrying her 21-year-old ward on March 11, two weeks to the day after he disappeared.

It had been a rapid-fire romance. Smith, using the name of Mac Jay Smith and posing as a wealthy landholder, had met the girl on March 9, wooed her strenuously for two days, married her and taken her on a honeymoon automobile trip through Kansas and Oklahoma.

They had wound up in Omaha and there, after Smith had his clandestine meeting with his legal wife, he had confessed to wife No. 2 that their marriage was invalid. Horified, she had left him and returned to Elgin.

The girl's guardian shrewdly surmised that some day she would hear of "Mac Jay Smith" again. She was right. His theatrical reappearance in his home

county had been noted throughout the press of the middle west. The guardian saw his picture, recognized it and, bent on avenging her ward, filed a bigamy charge against him in Sedan, Kansas, to which place he had eloped with the girl.

Wife No. 2 went immediately to Des Moines to look at and identify Smith.

"Why, hello—" Smith greeted his bigamous bride, calling her by her given name.

Wife No. 2 did not reply. "That is the man," she told the authorities, however.

The Final Mystery

THE reaction upon the true Mrs. Smith of her husband's brief romance with the Kansas girl was not what might have been expected.

"He told me all about it when I met him in Omaha," she said, revealing at last her real motive for turning against him. "I told him if he would come back to me, I would forgive him and help him keep secret that he had committed bigamy. He agreed but he did not keep his promise."

Meanwhile alienists were keeping Smith under observation, trying to determine whether he was insane or just a shrewd, criminally-minded man who was trying to escape punishment for his misdeeds by simulating derangement.

In Kansas a grand jury indicted him

on a bigamy charge. In Iowa both he and his wife were indicted, he on charges of using the mails to defraud, obtaining money under false pretenses, defrauding an insurance company by burning his truck and attempting to defraud an insurance company. Mrs. Smith was indicted on the latter charge alone.

Meanwhile, his attorneys having formally made an issue of his sanity, Smith was granted a hearing by the state insanity commission. Alienists testified that he appeared to be the victim of a split personality—a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde of real life. A verdict finding him criminally insane was followed by his commitment to the state hospital at Clarinda.

The indictments against him had been quashed, but presently the hospital authorities expressed a belief that he was sane. Once again he was indicted, once again he was given a sanity hearing and once again the authorities were compelled to drop the charges by a second verdict that he was criminally insane and issue an order committing him to Anamosa Reformatory, where there is an insane ward.

Mrs. Smith had been at liberty under \$1,000 bonds. Now the charges against her were dropped since there was only her own word for it that she had been involved in her husband's plot to defraud the insurance company.

I Freed A Life Convict

[Continued from page 19]

called to testify, and here was an end of the trial and the boy—he was twenty-four years old—on his way to the penitentiary. A boy whose fingerprints should have acquitted him! For finger-print evidence cannot lie. I determined to investigate.

I took up the matter of the window screen. It had been in place on the bedroom window up to the time the burglar entered the house. That settled it for me; it told me that the prints found on it were made by the burglar because those prints were in such a position that they could have been made only while taking it out of the window. The man sent to the horrible life of San Quentin was innocent!

But where was I to start? Where else but in the fingerprint files? A long, hard task; but at last it was done. Result: no crook or suspect who had ever been brought to book in Los Angeles answered to the prints on the screen frame, and yet I had there two full impressions—the middle finger and the ring finger of the right hand, and on the other side I had a partial print of the palm.

What else was there to do? Check the prints of every burglar and other criminal as they were turned in! Hopeless? No, merely endless!

On The Wrong Trail

AT FIRST I followed a wrong scent and had to see all my efforts wasted. The burglar's fingers in removing the screen were curved over the edge, and the right middle finger was drawn down so that it looked like a print from a right index finger. I worked

for weeks before I found this mistake. Then, months later, came a burglary in Hollywood. It occurred on the second night of the new year, 1926, on Beverly Boulevard. In that house the tedious search ended. In 364 days I had succeeded in matching the mark on the screen.

On a bureau drawer a smudge of whorls and loops and arches grinned up at me. And I recognized it.

Unfortunately it was a thumb print. I had to have more to be sure that I had found my man. And the robber was still at large.

"Get me that fellow," I said, tapping the drawer. "I want him."

Then on San Pedro street, a gambling street was held up. There was a flash of swift drama and the holdup man was taken.

I matched the Hollywood print with the print I took of the hand itself. Then I sat down and studied the "rolled" print before me, the impress of the right hand of Earl M. Carroll, whom the underworld called the Weasel. This, I was certain, was the hand that had shot Mrs. Parsons. *Beyond any possible doubt I had found my man.*

Against me I had the sworn statement of Mrs. Parsons. She recognized Preston as her attacker. And to make matters worse, Preston had lied about his doings that night. Also, he showed a bad record. To top it all he had been duly convicted and sentenced for this attempted murder.

Carroll knew I was in a tough hole in trying to swap convicts with San Quentin. I was not hired to get men out of prison, was his sneering suggestion.

The Victim Convined

I SUBMITTED enlarged photographs of the prints to the State Bureau of Identification and got the reply that the Bureau was firmly convinced the latent prints in the Parsons case were duplicates of Carroll's right hand. But I was aware at the same time that it would be another matter to make the ordinary jurymen sit it.

I talked with Mrs. Parsons, reminded her that she was lucky to be alive, and that a certain fellow in San Quentin was going through a living death. With that, she admitted that she might have been mistaken in identifying Preston as the murderous bandit.

"All right," I said. "Here are the pictures of ten men. I've picked them up at random. Can you pick out the one who shot you?"

She looked the photographs over, then picked out the picture of Earl Carroll!

That was what I wanted.

I laid my case for Preston's freedom before Governor Richardson. I was told that a pardon was the only means of getting an innocent man out of prison. It was up to me then to establish that innocence by showing the right man guilty of the crime.

The Weasel feigned insanity.

In the midst of his shamming, Governor Richardson weighed my evidence of the fingerprints and granted Preston a pardon. By doing that he scored for me one of the strangest victories ever recorded for a police officer: the taking of a convicted man from prison.

Soon afterward the Weasel was convicted and sentenced to a minimum of eighteen years and a maximum of life.

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In my eagerness to get into the cellar, I proceeded to pick the lock. We searched the first cellar thoroughly, tapping the floor, the walls. There was not a thing of interest to be found.

We then went to the second cellar. This was lined with work benches, tool chests, lathes and chests of drawers. We saw no indication that the floor covering had been taken up, and our tapping brought no results. Intensely disappointed, I was about to leave when I noticed that a chest of drawers in the southeast corner protruded about an inch beyond the line of the others, looking as if it slanted slightly.

I asked my assistants to move it. They found it had been nailed to the floor. I remembered that when the police had searched the place the preceding February, they had found all the furniture nailed down and had interpreted this fact as sufficient proof that no hole could have been dug beneath.

In a flash, an idea dawned upon me. Why could not the chests have been nailed down *after* a hole had been dug, to conceal the hole?

In an excited frenzy, I ordered my men to move the chest which protruded a bit.

"Take the thing apart," I ordered hoarsely.

Then something caught my eye. The nails which held the chest down to the floor were shiny and new! I was on the right track at last!

The Secret Of The Chest

BY bit by bit the chest was hacked apart. When we got down to the southeast angle of the chest—the only remaining part—I drew a long breath and whistled.

"See that, boys. This floor had been taken up. We're going to find something here!"

There were evident traces that a section running five feet along the east wall—two and a half feet wide—had been chopped with an axe or hatchet and sawed through with a handsaw. Hurriedly, we took this section up. As I had expected, the concrete floor had been smashed and broken.

Beneath the two floors—one of wood and one of cement—we started digging feverishly. Under a layer of ashes, broken bits of cement and cinders, we found motorcycle parts worth probably as much as \$500.

I became excited. Why should anyone want to bury this valuable stuff? There must have been a strong motive!

At a depth of three feet, we found the sloped west. I picked up a large sailor hat which fully corresponded with the description of the hat Ruth Cruger had worn at the time of her disappearance.

Then I felt my shovel strike something!

I could not see in the dim light of the pit. I reached down with my arm. My fingers touched what seemed to be the high heels of a woman's shoes. Trying to suppress my excitement, I felt further—a leg, a hip bone—I moved the thing. The odor of decay struck me.

"Frank! Pull me out of here!" I exclaimed. McGee helped me out.

"Air! Open that window. Quick!" I felt as if I were about to faint, so stifling had the odor been.

McGee shook me to my senses.

"Frank," I said. "The body."

"Ruth Cruger?"

"Yes."

Carefully, we removed the earth from the body. The girl had been buried hastily, fully clothed. A thick hemp rope, tied about both ankles in slip noose, might have been used to bind her while she was alive or to lower her into the pit after she had been killed. Another rope was tied about her waist and part of her clothing was wrapped about her head. The brown shoes and stockings were still on her feet, her arms still in the sleeves of her heavy, blue velour coat.

Thus, more than four months after the disappearance of Ruth Cruger, after the police of New York City and other detective bureaus had made a country-wide investigation in vain, I discovered a body which I was certain was that of Ruth Cruger and I was equally certain that I knew the identity of her murderer.

At once I notified the woman lawyer who came to the basement with Mr. Cruger and identified the clothes as those belonging to the missing girl. We then called in a doctor from Knickerbocker hospital who lifted the body and removed the kid gloves from the hands, revealing on the little finger of her left hand, the Wadleigh High School graduation ring that Ruth had received twelve days before her murder. We needed no further identification.

An examination revealed that the skull had been crushed by a terrific blow with an implement resembling a sledge hammer.

At once I apprised the Italian officials of my discovery and asked them to send Alfredo Cocchi, the former owner of the shop, back to this country for trial.

On July 19, a grand jury indicted Cocchi for murder in the first degree. I arranged to have the State Department at Washington demand the extradition of Cocchi from Italy. But the constitution of Italy forbids the extradition of Italian subjects charged with capital crimes in foreign countries where there is a possibility of a death penalty.

A few days later, Cocchi was arrested in Bologna. I went to Italy with an assistant district attorney. Before I arrived, Cocchi had attempted suicide in his cell. After that he wrote a complete confession of his crime.

According to his confession, Cocchi had smothered the girl to keep her from shrieking. As she struggled, he struck her. In falling, she must have hit a vital spot, for suddenly he discovered that she was dead. To conceal the crime, he carried the body to the cellar under the sidewalk and buried it in a hole used to store gasoline. Then, just as I had suspected, he had let the body down to the sub-cellar through the trapdoor and dug the hole in the second cellar.

I was present at Cocchi's trial. Since Italy does not have capital punishment, Cocchi was sentenced to twenty-seven years at hard labor.

My apprehension of the murder of Ruth Cruger after the police had made a complete investigation and failed led to a city-wide investigation of the police. Mr. Cruger and many prominent citizens demanded the removal of the police commissioner. Mayor Mitchell ordered a public inquiry into the Cruger case and, as a result, a captain and two detectives, the men who first directed the search of Cocchi's cellar, were relieved of duty.

(The name, Leah Rayne, in this account is fictitious for obvious reasons.—The Editor.)

What Would \$3,000.00 CASH Mean To You RIGHT NOW?

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**Think, NOW, What Would \$3,000.00 Mean
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Would it mean a business of your own; would it mean investments in bonds; would it mean buying a home or buying new furniture and clothes? Maybe it would mean an education for you. Just think what \$3,000.00 could mean to you! All the things you could do with it. Plan now—then write your answer—rush it to me at once. You may easily be the winner. All replies become the property of Richard Day, Manager.

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**RICHARD DAY, Manager
909 Cheapside, Dept. 51-E Cincinnati, Ohio**



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